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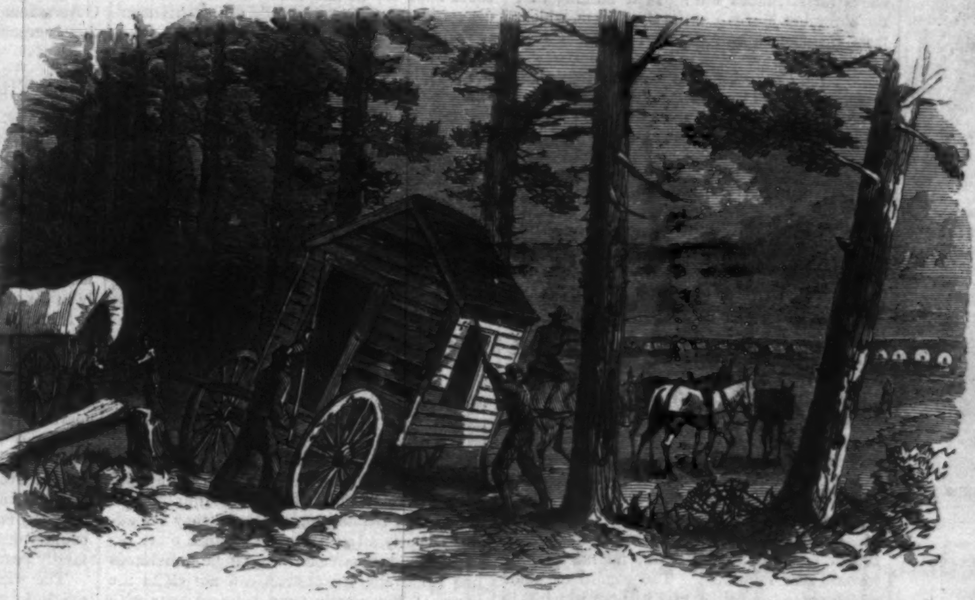
OPENING OF THE SPRING CAMPAIGN.

The field of military operations is narrowed down to the territory included between the Savannah and the James rivers. There will be military movements in the West, indeed, but not upon a large scale. The resistance which can be made to Thomas's southward march through Mississippi can not be very great; but it is also true that, depleted as he must be by the transfer of so large a number of his troops eastward, General Thomas will not be able to undertake the offensive with an army large enough to decide the conflict in the West. Both General Grant and General Lee are aware that the vital conflict this spring must be in the Carolinas.

The campaign properly opened with the capture of Fort Fisher. The last week's record shows that it is now being vigorously pushed forward south of Petersburg and in the rear of Charleston. Terry's army also has been largely reinforced, and threatens the capture of Wilmington. The Confederate army in the East is necessarily divided into three parts; one of which defends Richmond, another Charleston, and the third Wilmington, being thus distributed among three States.



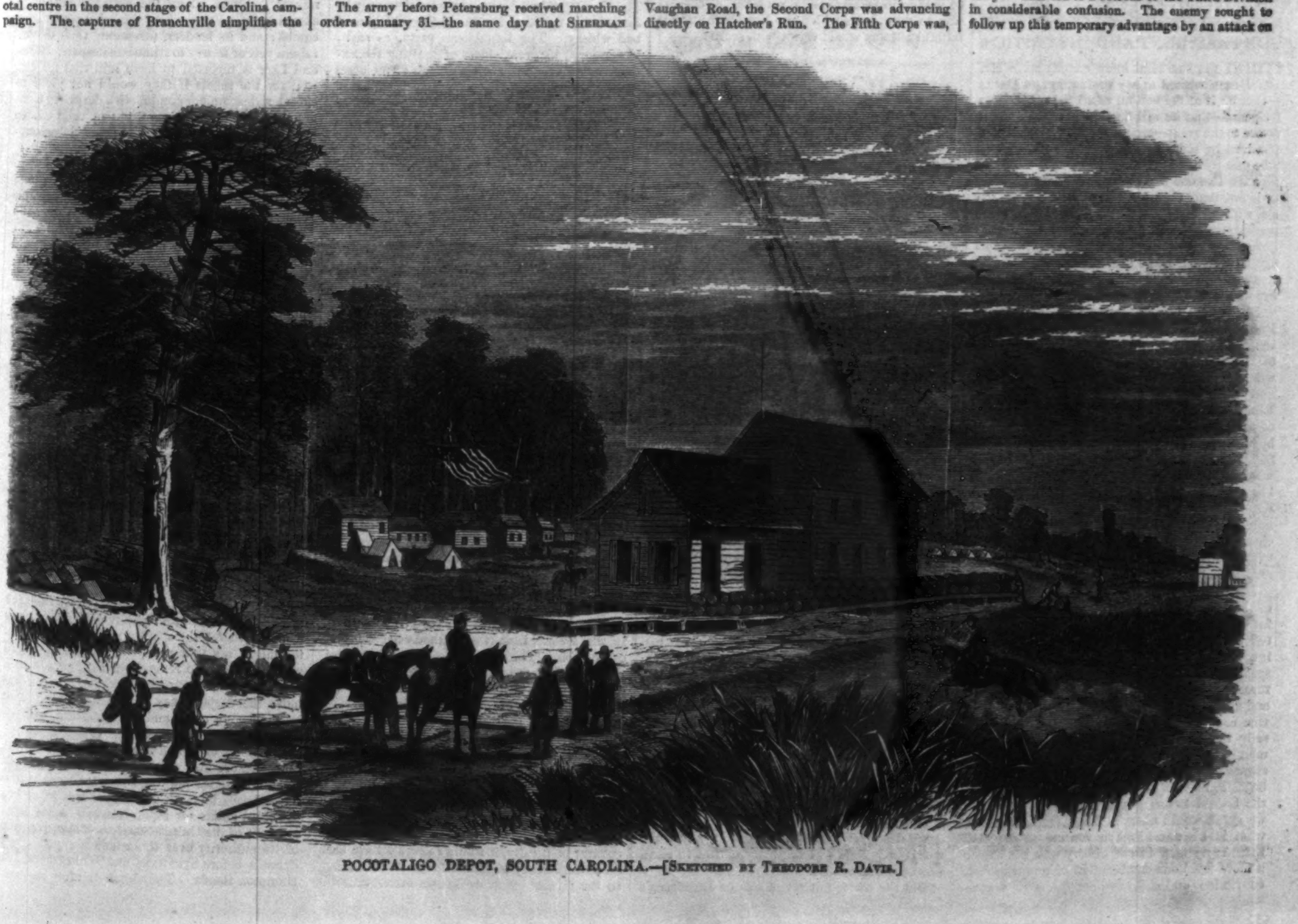
BEFORE PETERSBURG—WINTER-QUARTERS FROM THE PLANTATION.—[Sketched by A. W. Warren.]

Sherman's army operating against Charleston has made great progress. After Pocotaligo was captured it was left to General Foster, whose army thus becomes a pivot about which Howard's and Slocum's columns turn northward, with Branchville for their goal. The occupation of Branchville determines the fate of Charleston. Then Charleston takes the place of Pocotaligo, and becomes the pivotal centre in the second stage of the Carolina campaign. The capture of Branchville simplifies the operations of both the Federal and Confederate armies. While it insures for us an excellent base of operations on the coast of South Carolina, it secures for the enemy a more perfect concentration of his force north of Branchville. By the abandonment of Charleston and Augusta several thousand men will be added to Beauregard's army in Sherman's immediate front.

The army before Petersburg received marching orders January 31—the same day that Sherman moved from the line of the Savannah River. Nothing was accomplished, however, until the 5th of February, except a shelling of the enemy's lines along the Appomattox. At 3 A.M. of the 5th Gregg's cavalry started down the Jerusalem Plank-Road, reaching Reams's Station a little after daybreak. The Fifth Corps followed soon after along the Halifax Road. Further to the west, on the Vaughan Road, the Second Corps was advancing directly on Hatcher's Run. The Fifth Corps was, by a detour around the enemy's extreme right, to take the works on Hatcher's Run in reverse. The Sixth and Ninth Corps were to support the movement. It will be seen that this operation was very similar to the attempt formerly made on Hatcher's Run. Gregg encountered a portion of Hampton's cavalry at the crossing of Rowanty Creek. He was supported by the Second Division of the Fifth Corps, and took the bridge, with 22 prisoners. This conflict we have illustrated on page 116. A little west of the creek an empty supply-train, *en route* for North Carolina, was captured. A scouting party sent up the Boydton Road came upon some deserted camps of the enemy.

The Second Corps in the mean time came up to Hatcher's Run.—Mott's and De Trobriand's divisions crossed and captured the enemy's breast-works. Smyth's Division, instead of crossing, turned in a north-easterly direction toward Armstrong's Mills, and soon found the enemy in full force. He then established his connection with Mott, forming the right of the Second Corps. Upon this portion of the line three severe attacks were made by Gordon and Hill, late in the afternoon, and were repulsed.

During the night the Second and Fifth Corps had established connection with each other, and Gregg covered the left of the latter. On the 6th Crawford's Division (the Third) of the Fifth Corps advanced northward to Dabney's Mills, and succeeded in capturing the enemy's works at that point. Crawford, it appears, pushed on, but the rebels soon made a desperate stand and threatened to cut him off from the main army. This led to a retreat of the Third Division in considerable confusion. The enemy sought to follow up this temporary advantage by an attack on



POCOTALIGO DEPOT, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]

the left of the Second Corps, but was severely repulsed.

An illustration on page 116, representing a charge made by the First Division of the Fifth Corps, refers to an action which occurred on the morning of the 7th.

The result of the movement, on the whole, has been favorable to us. Our line has been extended a few miles westward, and Petersburg is menaced more seriously than before. We still hold the line of Hatcher's Run.

LYRIC FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

By WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

["When I, an American, living under the Government founded by the immortal Washington, visit his tomb, let me not stand there, a stranger, an alien, by the consent of a government founded by rebels and traitors."—*From a Union Speech, delivered in Union Square, New York, by the Hon. Chauncey Shaffer.*]

Words of beauty, power, glory,
How through all the land they ring,
Broad and mighty as the music
Rolling from our eagle's wing
As he battles with the tempest,
Scatters clouds that veil the plain,
So the glorious sun may sparkle
On its hallowed homes again!

What? Americans be aliens
Where *his* native forests bloom?
Beg permission for an hour
By their mighty *father's* tomb?

What? resign our rights to treasure
Worshiped by a whole wide world?
See *another* nation's banner
On the sacred spot unfurled?
Sooner shall exultant Heaven,
When the very noon is won,
Let the tempest fiends of chaos
Rob her bosom of the sun!
No! ye impious rebels, traitors,
Ye who rend the very Trust
Left by *him*—no, never, never
Shall ye *only* own that dust!
All Americans shall guard it—
Even ye when Battle's fires
Shall have burnt out of your bosoms
Their disloyal, vile desires!

Words of beauty, power, glory,
Ring along the loyal sod!
Loudly ring as when archangels
Smite the thunder-bells of God—
Bells of warning to the peoples
Who in Truth's white castles dwell,
When their ramparts are assaulted
By the rebel hosts of hell!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, February 25, 1865.

THE PRESIDENT AND HIS CRITICS.

THAT the President knew exactly what Mr. Blair wished to say to Jefferson Davis—that he is at the bottom of all the movements for peace—that he will flinch and falter when it comes to the point—are assertions made and emphasized by some ardent friends of the Union. The one person they are not sure of is the President. The one thing they doubt is his fidelity, or if not that, then his sagacity. They fill the air with grumblings and growlings, and the newspapers with insinuations, and when they have done all they can to depress and discourage the popular heart they sigh and groan with renewed vigor at the want of persistence which the public displays.

If these gentlemen had but a little of the President's unswerving faith and cheerful good sense—if they had but their own moderate share of the steady earnestness of the people, they would spare themselves much dismal croaking and their friends an incessant indignation. What was probably true upon a consistent view of the President's whole course is now proved by his own word. In his Message upon the conference he says distinctly that he did not know what Mr. Blair wished to say to the rebels. His word disposes of that assertion. The correspondence he transmits shows exactly how much he flinched or was disposed to falter, and effectually annihilates the idle slander that he will betray the national honor in the least degree.

Indeed, nothing but the foolish assumption of four years ago, that Mr Lincoln was unfit for his office, can excuse such aspersions and reflections upon his honesty and capacity as are implied in the kind of twaddle of which we are speaking. Those who cling to that assumption reveal their incapacity to judge of public men and affairs. If there is any man in the country who comprehends the scope of the war more fully than the President, who is he? If any man in the country has shown greater skill and sagacity in dealing with the rebellion, where is he? If there is any public man now living in the United States whom the gossips of which we speak would place in Mr. Lincoln's chair, what is his name? We venture to say that there is no man in our history who has shown a more felicitous combination of temperament, conviction, and ability to grapple with a complication like that in which this country is involved than Abraham Lincoln.

When the war began there were impatient people who cried, "Oh, for an hour of Jackson!" But does any man who truly comprehends the character and antecedents of this great struggle, and the infinite patience and wisdom which the settlement of its various questions demands, really think that Andrew Jackson's qualities were those which the situation requires? Is the great fact of no significance that the vast and threatening opposition to the policy of the Administration has crumbled away before the steady development of that policy, and crumbled without the least yielding of the Administration? Is it an incident of no meaning that, in the week of the passage of the emancipation amendment by Congress, S. S. Cox, a representative of a kind of "war Democracy," moves the thanks of Congress to the President, and in the same week the notorious Fernando Wood, the most unscrupulous demagogue and "peace" apostle in the country, declares for strenuous war? Is it nothing that the shrewdest journals of the Opposition, which, from the first shot of the war, cried out with Horatio Seymour that to touch slavery was to destroy the Constitution, now complacently announce that the Constitutional amendment was always a "Democratic" measure, and that the Democratic party was always an anti-slavery party? Does any body mean seriously to assert that the active head of an Administration which, in a country like this, frenzied with party-spirit like ours, torn for four years with a vast sectional civil war, and incessantly menaced with foreign interference, has directed public affairs until the army and navy are every where victorious, and the most malignant opponents of the war now openly advocate it and thank the President, who has carried steadily forward a policy which they have steadily denounced—does any one mean gravely to assert that such a head is a shiftless, undecided man, ready to sacrifice any principle, forever mousing round for peace, and anxious to buy it at any price?

There is no man of us all probably who wishes for peace more earnestly than the President. There is certainly no man who is so little likely to surrender any essential point to secure it. The purpose in the war, which he understands the people to cherish, he has plainly iterated and reiterated. The conditions upon which peace is possible, and without which it is impossible, he has as often repeated. Peace can not be made upon the sly or in a corner. Shall we not say plainly, what every loyal citizen sees with pain, that it is the *Tribune*, which has so long and nobly fought the good fight against the subversion of the Government by the slave power, that now speaks of peace in a strain of cringing obsequiousness to the slave lords in rebellion, which inevitably suggests that it would be willing to make peace upon terms of concession to those lords which the President and all faithful citizens would reject with scorn?

GENERAL BURNSIDE AND THE MINE.

The explosion of the mine before Petersburg at the end of last July was, in its results, one of the real disasters of the war, because it discouraged the public mind to a degree foolishly disproportioned to the event. It will be remembered that the month of August was one of so general depression that the Chicago Convention felt emboldened to try to carry an election by an appeal to the cowardice of the country. This action at Chicago and the fall of Atlanta dissolved the temporary spell, and the public mind resumed its natural tone of patience and confidence.

The scape-goat of the failure at Petersburg and of the petulance of the country was General Burnside. Forgetting his brilliant and distinguished services in North Carolina and East Tennessee; forgetting the developments in regard to the battle of Fredericksburg, which certainly did not leave him culpable; forgetting the history of the intrigues in the Army of the Potomac, in the midst of which the one thing steadily clear was the character of Burnside; the disappointment of the mine betrayed the country into an injustice, and the General was most sharply and impatiently condemned.

Those who knew him bided their time. Those who knew his good sense, his soldierly character, his perfect integrity, and who remembered his services, were very sure it would at last appear that, however severe and deplorable the misfortune, it could not be justly charged upon his sheer incapacity, and that the hero of Newbern and Knoxville had not suddenly become "a blunderer and a butcher." As for the General himself, he was no more daunted by calumny than by canister, and he stood as firm and calm amidst the peltings of popular misrepresentation as in the storm of shot and shell. "Some of us must lose our lives in this war," said he, "and some of us our reputations. Perhaps a few must lose both." And when he was urged to publish some explanation of the circumstances, he replied smilingly, "When the war is over there will be plenty of time to clean damaged reputations."

But the war is not yet ended and Burnside's reputation is purged. The Committee on the Conduct of the War have reported upon the failure of the mine. Their conclusion is, that the failure is mainly attributable to the fact that the plan of General Burnside, carefully matured, was set aside at the last moment by General Meade, "who had evinced no faith in the successful prosecution of the work, had aided it by no countenance or approval, and had assumed the entire direction and control only when it was completed and the time had come for reaping any advantages that might be derived from it."

General Burnside wished to put the colored troops in front, as they were the raw soldiers. General Meade objected. General Grant supported Meade's objection; but now, with the simple, manly honesty that marks all his conduct, he declares that he believes he was mistaken, and that if General Burnside's plan had been adopted success would have been secured. The truth is, that General Burnside knew his own corps better than any other commander could know it; he had made the most careful dispositions; he had faithfully drilled his men to their various duties; he and they had a mutual faith in themselves and in the work. At the very last moment the whole plan was deranged. Disaster was invited and came. There was a sharp cry of disappointment. Dejection followed disaster; and the fame of a gallant soldier and noble man was obscured. We sincerely congratulate him and the country that the cloud is entirely scattered. And we shall all be the gainers if hereafter we do not hasten to demand the sacrifice of a reputation for every reverse that we may encounter.

NEW PARTIES.

There is a present end of political parties in the country. There is a body of representatives, indeed, in Congress and in the State Legislatures, which votes and talks in favor of human slavery, jeers at negroes, insults the Government, and virtually justifies the rebellion. But these individuals do not form a great political party. They are merely a faction; a band of adventurers; the roving, marauding remains of an army, holding together until they can advantageously ally themselves to some other organized and effective force. Single individuals like Long and Pendleton can not claim the name of Democratic for a political body with which Griswold, Ganson, and Odell, for instance, do not act. The position of these latter gentlemen shows that the late Democratic party no longer exists. The name will belong hereafter to those leaders who are most skillful in perceiving the principles upon which a party can be rallied.

Of the parties that existed when the war began the name "Democratic" alone remains. The Constitutional Union party survives only in John Bell drinking success to the rebellion in bad whisky. The Republican party, as such, has secured its great object of limiting the extension of slavery. The necessities of the case, in a nation waging a civil war, divide us all into two bodies, those who support the Administration in its war policy, and those who do not. But the old party lines do not separate us. The party of the Administration is composed of men as different as the late Edward Everett, General Butler, John A. Griswold, Thurlow Weed, and Charles Sumner, who were respectively leaders of the Bell-Everett, the Breckinridge, the Douglas parties, and both wings of the Republican party, before the war. We are at the end of parties. Upon what grounds are they to be reconstructed?

There are various speculations upon this point, but they all seem to us to be premature. Parties in a free government divide upon the policy of administration. But until the administration of the Government is secure, it is too early to discuss policies. There may be differences as to the means of securing the authority of the Administration. That is to say, the friends of the war may differ as to how it may be made most effective. But that is not a division into political parties.

Nor is it easy to infer from the previous history of the country what the division will be. The political struggle of this country from the beginning has been that between the Southern policy and the essential principles of the Government. But now that the latter have triumphed absolutely, and have destroyed the foundation of that policy, there must be entirely new issues. These are likely to arise, in the first place, from the peculiar structure of our Government; and, in the second, from the methods necessary to carry it on. The relative rights and powers of the States and the nation, and the fundamental question of protection and free-trade, are the probable grounds of future party division.

The *Evening Post*, one of the oldest old-fashioned Democratic organs in the country, is of opinion that if the proposition of universal free-trade as the permanent national policy had been made to the rebel agents in Hampton Roads, it would have seriously tempted Mr. Hunter, an old free-trader. But however probable it may be that this question may hereafter divide the country politically, it would certainly have been an extraordinary suggestion from the President to the rebels. Nobody knows better than the *Post* that there is the utmost radical difference upon that very point among loyal men, and all that the President could have said would be no more than an expression of the probability that there would be a large free-trade party hereafter. But whether free-trade would be adopted as a permanent national policy the President could no more tell than Mr. Hunter. If he had chosen to indulge in political speculation of that kind the President might have added, that, in his opinion also, the doctrine of supreme State sovereignty would be effectually exploded. But such topics would hardly have been timely or judicious. What the President could officially do, was one thing. What Mr. Lincoln supposed the popular decision upon a vital point of difference might be, was quite another.

In the present situation of the country there are no grounds upon which to construct great parties; but there was never a more favorable moment for the discussion of the causes which have brought us to this condition, that we may not only win victories but secure their fruits. The great fruit will be the establishment of the Government upon its original principles. When that is accomplished, parties will naturally arise.

THROWING IN PITCH.

General Grant has extended his lines before Petersburg toward the Southside Railroad, and General Sherman has seized a point which destroys the railroad communication of Richmond with the Southwest. Sherman's advance is like Napoleon's in his Austerlitz campaign. It shows no rashness, no confidence in chance; but is rapid and resistless. Every movement he makes writes his name more deeply in history as a truly great soldier.

Simultaneously with his success, simultaneously with the deadly blow at the vitals of the rebellion, a shrill cry of rage bursts from its lips. At about the moment when Sherman's victorious columns occupied Branchville, in their march of deliverance of the Southern people from the fierce despotism at Richmond, the leaders of that despotism were frantically haranguing the people, declaring that the vile Yankees had insulted them beyond endurance, and that they must fight to the last gasp, or see their country desolated, their homes ruined, and their family peace violated.

The wild fury of the speeches of the rebel chiefs from Davis downward—the venomous spite and eagerness of the newspapers—show how profound is the conviction that only a convulsive energy can save the rebellion. The rebel forts are falling; the rebel ports are closing; the rebel lines are shrinking before our steady advance. We occupy the rebel cities; we calmly invite the people to renounce their resistance to a Government which they confess has never injured them, or to suffer the consequences of refusal. Every where the national authority asserts itself. Every where the rebel power succumbs; and its leaders, foreseeing their doom, raise a yell of frenzy to stimulate despair. General Lee is reported to have said that all was well for the rebels if they would not yield to causeless despondency and foolish despair. General Lee is not a wise man, but he might have asked himself the reason of the general despondency around him.

A few years ago the people of his section were told that they had a right to leave the Union; that if it were disputed they had merely to show their swords, and they could march out over the prostrate necks of the caitiff tinkers called Yankees; that, when they moved, the North would fight the battle at home if any were to be fought; that Europe would hasten to acknowledge their independence, and treat with the new nation; that cotton would coerce the world to the whims of "the South;" and that every gallant and chivalric Southron would have the satisfaction of beholding the Yankees wanderers upon the earth, and "the South" graciously condescending to be the foremost nation of the globe.

Four years have passed, and those people see exactly what we see, what the world sees, and what General Lee sees. And thereupon that Captain says, if they only would not yield to despondency all would be well. "My dear Sir, why are you in the stocks?" asked a sympathetic friend of the unfortunate incumbent. "For stealing eggs," was the reply. "Pooh! they can't put you in the stocks for stealing eggs," said the cheerful friend. "Can't they? Well, they have done it," dolefully answered the victim. If you only would not yield to despondency, says General Lee. How can we help it? his fellow-rebels might justly retort. If you only wouldn't scorch the soles of your feet, a spectator might say to a martyr at the stake. Will you then please to remove the fire? would be a very natural response. General Lee can remove the despondency in one way only. Not by wondering at it, and expostulating with it, but by winning victories.

The loud cries and fierce execrations of the rebel orators and editors tell the people of the Southern States nothing new. Those people have always known that the war was waged by the rebel chiefs for separation and by the Government of the United States for the restoration of its authority over the whole Union. They knew it before Stephens and Hunter went to Hampton Roads. They knew it after they returned. But they knew it no more distinctly. The very papers which how shout at the "extravagant insolence" of the Yankees in proposing union under the Constitution and laws of Congress, are the same papers which have always derided and affected to despise the Yankees as brutes and cowards. Crying more fiercely will not convince more readily. There is no new form of invective against the Union which the rebel leaders can use. The old styles have become stale. And what malignant falsehood and frantic calumny could not do in the first four years of the war, they are not likely to effect when the spirit of the rebellion is broken by the terrible tenacity and increasing skill of the nation.

JUDAH P. BENJAMIN.

In his speech at the Richmond meeting to fire the rebel heart Mr. Judah P. Benjamin, of Louisiana, the rebel Secretary of State, strongly urged the policy of arming the slaves. When our soldiers in the trenches, said he, are crying out for help, shall we care whether the aid we send is black or white? "There are in the South," he said, "six hundred and eighty thousand black men of fighting age, and capable of being made fighting men. Let us say to every negro who wants to go into the ranks, Go and fight, and you are free. Don't press them, for that will make them run away, and they will be found fighting against us instead of for us." Without the adoption of some decisive, energetic, full-way measure like this there was danger, very great danger.

Benjamin is Davis's confidential man. These are Davis's views. And the rebel Senate has almost unanimously refused to adopt this decisive and full-way measure. The chivalry find the alternative too bitter. To be saved by our slaves! To erect our Confederacy, of which Mr. Stephens declared that slavery was the chief corner-stone, upon abolition! To owe our independence, which was to be so readily achieved by every Southern gentleman shooting a few dozen Yankee vermin, to "niggers!" No, Mr. Benjamin. It was not to this feast that the chivalry were invited to sit down, and they quite unanimously decline the invitation.

Let Judah Benjamin look at it. You have always insisted that negroes were meant for slavery. It was resisting the divine order to oppose it. It was flying in the face of Providence. It was blasphemous. The negroes are good for nothing else. They are an inferior race. They require guardianship. They must be forced to work. They are lazy, idle vagabonds. Capital ought to own labor and the laborer. The true order of society is that which rests upon a servile class. The negro is really thankful for slavery. Have we not all of us an old black mammy?

This is what you and the other false Americans who lead this rebellion have always been instilling into the Southern mind. The incessant reiteration of this frantic nonsense to a population kept purposely ignorant and degraded has begotten in their minds a firm conviction that it is truth. All your efforts, and those of your whole political school, have been directed for a generation to proving that slavery, and slavery alone, was the only safe condition for the negroes, even while you were at profound peace, and had the power of the United States Government to call upon.

Who is it, then, you hope to fool? Is it the whites you have so treacherously deluded or the blacks you have so infamously wronged? Are the whites to reject in a moment all they have been sedulously taught and unlearn in a day the conviction of a life? Or are the blacks to forget at your bidding all they have suffered at your hands? Do you think that a class which is able to be stimulated by the hope of freedom into fighting for you has not been able to comprehend the war? Do you think these slaves have not watched, and waited, and scored indelibly upon their souls what they could not speak and could not but think and feel? Do you sincerely suppose they will trust *your* word, a life-long oppressor of their race avenging upon them the medieval torture of your own kind, when they know that your promise of freedom is extorted only by the direst fear? Do you imagine they think you would hesitate to order them to the paddle and the post, and their children to the auction block, the moment you felt sure of the safety of your own neck?

Or is it the whites who are to believe that all your teaching which seduced them into rebellion was false? If the negro is only fit for slavery, why promise him freedom? If God meant him for it, if it is his own wish, if he be happy in it, why disturb him, why not promise him that God's order and his own choice shall be respected? If, as Stephens said, you went out of the old Union to form a new one upon slavery, what do you mean by abolition? These are questions that will be asked, that ask themselves, and which you can not answer.

Judah Benjamin knows that the slaves understand this contest as well as he. Judah Benjamin knows that two hundred thousand armed slaves would be presently masters of "the Confederacy." Every rebel thinks of it and shudders. It is the most terrible alternative he could present. His promise of freedom as a boon shows that he is conscious that slavery is a wrong. And it has always been so since he has defended it. And he knew it before, as he knows it now. But if a wrong, are the slaves alone unconscious of it? And when they are summoned to arms upon Benjamin's plain confession that he and his class without their aid are helpless to avert the fate which gives the negro freedom, is the negro likely to be ignorant of his power?

They are not a vindictive class. They are patient, mild, and long broken by bondage. But they have been carefully kept dulled and degraded, and the probabilities of the case are to be judged by prejudiced and ignorant, not by intelligent minds. It is too late, Judah Benjamin! There was a moment in the war when you might have tried it. But as a resource of despair it is hopeless. Your little speech is one of the most significant in our history. It concedes the inconceivable iniquity of your rebellion. It slaps in the face all the boasted "statesmanship" of your section for half a century.

GOOD MANNERS IN NEWSPAPERS.

Mr. Rice, of Massachusetts, lately called attention in the House to an article in a newspaper aspersing his honesty as a legislator, and retorted by causing an article from another paper to be read, which contained an implied aspersion upon the honesty of the first. Thereupon Mr. Thaddeus Stevens proposed to forbid the first paper to have any reporter in the House, but withdrew the suggestion at the request of Mr. Rice, saying, however, that if members ventured to differ from the dogmas of the newspapers of New York they were attacked in a foul manner by the newspaper scribblers.

There is, indeed, and there ought to be, a comprehensive discussion of all public questions, and a strict criticism of all public men in the great newspapers. We do not understand Mr. Stevens to object to this. But we do understand him to complain of that personal malevolence and critical asperity which too often characterize our newspaper discussions and correspondence. This disposition has run riot since the war began. It has, indeed, gone so far that the press of this country has seriously damaged its character both for veracity and intelligence. From the beginning of the war, when one leading journal, friendly to the Administration, plainly insinuated that the Secretary of State was a traitor, down to the time when another of the same class sneered at Mr. Stevens as a superannuated old woman, there seems to have been a total want of that generosity and candor which are entirely compatible with the utmost rigor of criticism. Surely there is something between rose-water and bilge-water, in which the editorial pen may be dipped. There are various methods of self-defense. Tigers have theirs: birds theirs: polecats theirs, and honest men theirs. Vituperation is not force, and abuse is the most ineffective argument.

The foolish personality which calls a journal by the name of its editor springs from this same want of editorial comity, which gains nothing for any paper, and loses something for all. The truth is, that most of the great papers are not the mere organs of individuals. They are an aggregate of individualities, a combination of powers; all agreeing naturally in general tendency, but as individually different as the voices in a chorus.

Honest wrath, caustic satire, incisive argument, stern denunciation, all these are weapons that every editor and every debater may honorably employ. But there are such things as scurrility and calumny, and of these no public journal which aims at any thing higher than the applause of mean and ignorant men would be guilty more than a private gentleman would be. The power of the press is that of a giant, and it should therefore be most carefully used. To pillory a private or public person by name before the country, to accuse him of dishonesty, and to blow upon his character, is so tremendous a responsibility that it should be assumed only upon the surest knowledge. To do it hastily, vindictively, or wantonly is to wound fatally the power and fame of the newspaper. The press and the public are equally interested in punishing such an offense with rigor.

AN EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

Lieutenant-General Grant stated to the Committee on the Conduct of the War that he alone is charged with the exchange of prisoners, and that he has effected an arrangement for exchange man by man, by which he hopes to receive three thousand of our men every week. He added that there was no impediment upon our side; and that if the rebels would deliver all they hold, the entire exchange could be made in a very short time.

So far as it goes this is excellent news. The thought of releasing our soldiers from the living death of the rebel military prisons is one that will cheer the whole country. We hope that the terms of the cartel may soon be made public, for every loyal man will wish to know whether the rebels have receded from their determination respecting our colored soldiers, or if not, what terms have been made for them. We have no fear that General Grant will leave them in the lurch, or permit the rebels to force upon the Government any discrimination between its soldiers. The rights which the United States flag protects are not to be dictated by those who seek to dishonor that flag.

DR. DRAPER'S LECTURES.

Dr. John W. Draper, the author of the "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," is delivering a course of lectures before the New York Historical Society. The title of the course is "The Historical Influence of Natural Causes." The first lecture, on February 9, was upon the "Influence of Climate;" the second, on the 16th of February, upon the "Effects of Emigration." Two remain: one, on the 23d of February, upon the "Political Force of Ideas;" and one, on the 2d of March, upon the "Natural Course of National Development."

Dr. Draper's remarkable scholarship and long devotion to the study of this great subject make his lectures an opportunity which no thoughtful man should lose. Since the discourses of Agassiz there have been none in the city so valuable and important.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SITUATION.

General Grant's movement to the left, resulting in the occupation of the line of rebel works on Hatcher's Run, and General Sherman's advance on Branchville, are the great items of our military record for the past week. Richmond papers of the 13th announce that Sherman has crossed the Edisto River. The importance of this move may be inferred from the following paragraph in the Richmond *Dispatch* of the 11th:

"From the most recent authentic intelligence, it appears that while a part of Sherman's army is making active demonstrations against the Combahee River, near the Charleston and Savannah Railroad, as if with the design of marching on Charleston, the rest of his forces have appeared at four points on the Edisto, viz.: at New-Bridge, five miles below Branchville; at Bumacker's and Helman's bridges, above, and at the railroad bridge opposite that place. Our troops that held the bridge over the Salkehatchie, west of Branchville, were driven in on last Wednesday. If he succeed in forcing a passage of the Edisto, above and below Branchville, he will tap the railroad to Charleston, and compel our troops to fall back from Branchville. But they will most probably evacuate it, if at any time it shall appear that Sherman can not be prevented from crossing the river."

There is no political news of any importance. The paucity of news from abroad leads us to omit our Foreign record this week. The St. Albans trial is still proceeding at Montreal.

CONGRESS.

February 8:

In the Senate, a Postal bill was passed. The first section provides that letters unpaid, or lacking more than a single rate of payment, shall be returned to the writers, with notification. At one o'clock the Senate went in a body to the House to proceed with the counting of the Presidential vote.

In the House, a resolution was adopted requesting information from the President relative to the recent Peace Commission. A joint resolution appropriating $1000 to procure a marble bust of the late Chief Justice Taney passed the House. The Senate, having arrived at one, the Presidential vote was counted. The whole number of electoral votes was 233: for Abraham Lincoln for President, and Andrew Johnson for Vice-President, 212; for George B. M'Clellan and George H. Pendleton, 21.

February 9:

In the Senate, a bill was passed to take one degree of latitude from the Territory of Utah and add the same to the State of Nevada. A bill was passed to build a bridge across the Ohio at Cincinnati. A bill was passed to reimburse Missouri for expenses incurred in calling out the militia.

In the House, the report of the Committee of Conference on the bill to establish a bureau for freedmen was concurred in.

February 10:

In the Senate, the President's communication to the House on the Peace Conference was read and ordered to be printed.

In the House, the amendment to the Internal Revenue bill taxing spirits on hand was defeated by a large majority. The President's communication on the Peace Conference was read.

February 11:

In the Senate, Lieutenant-General Grant made his appearance and received the courtesies of members. The Appropriation bill was passed with amendments, increasing the salaries of the Assistant Secretaries of Departments to $3500 per year, and appropriating $60,000 for the extension of the Congressional Library.

In the House, Mr. Rice read an article in the *Evening Post*, charging him with interested motives in voting against the repeal of the paper duty. General Grant appeared on the floor, and the members paid their respects.

February 13:

In the Senate, a bill to establish a steamship line between the United States and China was passed. The House resolution reducing the paper duty was passed, with an amendment limiting the reduction to 15 per cent. instead of 3 per cent.

In the House, a resolution was adopted appropriating $25,000 for a naval picture by Mr. Powell. The House then took up the Amendatory Revenue bill. Amendments were agreed to exempting Bibles and Testaments, or volumes containing only parts of either, and prayer-books, from any duty or tax. School books, and all books printed exclusively for Sunday schools, were also exempted from duty or tax.

February 14:

In the Senate, a resolution was adopted calling upon the President for a report of the Court of Inquiry on the subject of the explosion of the Petersburg mine.

In the House, the Senate bill, giving lands to Wisconsin for the construction of a ship canal, was rejected by the House. The Amendatory Internal Revenue bill was then taken up. Various amendments were discussed, and the provisions in relation to tobacco were amended so as to read as follows: "On smoking tobacco of all kinds, not otherwise herein provided for, thirty-five cents a pound." The Senate bill recognising as post routes the bridges to be built over the Ohio at Cincinnati and Louisville were passed.

NEWS ITEMS.

The remains of the gallant Lieutenant B. H. Porter, United States Navy, who was killed while leading his men at the assault on Fort Fisher, were interred on Tuesday the 7th, at Skeneateles, with military honors. The Syracuse Citizens' Corps (Company A), Fifty-first Regiment, attended the funeral.

The gift of fifty-one thousand dollars in Government bonds to Vice-Admiral Farragut by the citizens of New York has had a sequel in the transmission to him of the letter of presentation, inclosed in "a beautiful blue morrocco case, lined with white and red satin, thus combining the loyal colors."

Pascagoula has been evacuated by our troops.

The United States Army Laboratory located at Astoria was consumed by fire on the 13th instant. Loss about $50,000.

The rebel General John H. Winder died at Florence, South Carolina, on the 6th instant. Winder was known only too well by our prisoners.

It is said that the President's son, Mr. Robert Lincoln, intends entering the Army soon as an aid on the staff of Lieutenant-General Grant.

It is stated on good authority that the Calcutta cyclone cost sixty thousand lives. It is known, for example, that before the storm wave struck Saugor Island there were 8200 persons on it. When it had passed only 1200 remained, and this is only one of the many places swept. It is, we believe, in the opinion of geologists not impossible that the storm wave may one day sweep the Sunderbunds, in which case the loss of life would probably be without a parallel, except in the loss which may have been sustained when the Runn of Cutch, then a flourishing province, dropped one night into the sea.

Generals Curtis and Pennybacker, both of whom were wounded at the capture of Fort Fisher, are still at Fortress Monroe, at the Chesapeake Hospital, and at last accounts slowly recovering. General Pennybacker's wound was a very severe one, and it will be some time before he can recover, but he is doing well under the circumstances.

Colonel Mulford landed a cargo of a thousand of our exchanged prisoners at Annapolis on the 8th. "The best-conditioned lot of our poor boys," said he, "ever delivered to me. Nearly all could walk." He endeavored to bring away from Varina more of our sick and wounded prisoners, but the ice on the river banks made it impossible to ship them. The boats could not be forced up to the dock.

Hon. Thomas H. Hicks, late Governor of Maryland, died on the morning of the 14th, at the Metropolitan Hotel in Washington, in the 68th year of his age. He had been suffering from slight indisposition for two weeks. On the morning of the 10th, after an unusally refreshing sleep, he was seized with paralysis as he was about to rise. From that time until his decease he was speechless. He was visited by the President and numerous friends in his last hours.

Brigadier-General Grierson, the great raider, was, on the 13th, at the request of Lieutenant-General Grant, promoted to be Major-General by brevet.

John Y. Beall, the Lake Erie pirate and spy, was on the 14th condemned to be hung on the 18th, by order of General Dix.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Picked up near Harlem.—The oldest lunatic on record—Time out of mind!

A Definition of Humbug.—A woman was being examined as a witness, when, to a question put by the barrister, Clarkson, she replied, "Don't think to humbug me." Upon which the Recorder said, "Answer the question directly, woman, or I will commit you." "Ay," said Clarkson, "and tell us what you mean by humbug?" "Why," replied the woman, "if I was to tell you, Mr. Clarkson, that the Recorder was a gentleman, that would be humbugging you and the court too."

The Sweetest Thing in Bonnets—A Lady's Lips.

Facts Never to be Lost Sight Of.—That wide-awake people always keep their eyes open, and "what's more," if you don't keep *your* eyes open, they'll *open them for you.*

Wooing in Poetry.—An old gentleman of the name of Page, finding a young lady's glove at a watering-place, presented it to her with the following words:

> "If from your *glove* you take the letter *G*,
> Your *glove* is *love*, which I devote to thee."

To which the lady returned the following answer:

> "If from your *Page* you take the letter *P*,
> Your *Page* is *age*, and that won't do for me."

The Worst Winter Fur—Chinchilli.

A Smart Lad.—A boy from the country was recently taken into a gentleman's family. One evening, after having been called up into the drawing-room, he came down into the kitchen laughing immoderately. "What's the matter?" cried the cook. "Why," said he, "there are twelve on 'em up there, who could not snuff the candle, and they had to ring for I to do it."

A Pulpit Joke.—At a church in Scotland, where there was a popular call, two candidates offered to preach, of the names of Adam and Low. The last preached in the morning, and took for his text, "Adam, where art thou?" He made a most excellent discourse, and the congregation were much edified. In the evening Mr. Adam preached, and took for his text, "Lo, here am I!" The impromptu and his sermon gained him the church.

A COCKNEY'S EPITAPH.

Think! "From the cradle to the grave!" my brother,
A nurse takes you from one, an 'earse to t'other.

The Power of Latin.—Andrew Jackson was once making a stump speech out West, in a small village. Just as he was concluding Amos Kendall, who sat behind him, whispered, "Tip 'em a little Latin, General. They won't be content without it." Jackson instantly thought upon a few phrases he knew, and in a voice of thunder wound up his speech by exclaiming, "E pluribus unum—sine qua non—ne plus ultra—multum in parvo!" The effect was tremendous, and the shouts could be heard for many miles.

FORECASTS.

The day after to-morrow will be fine if not otherwise, and the same may be pronounced about the two following days.

The whole of next week will vary considerably, unless there be a continuous run of weather of one character.

Although at times the sun will not be visible during the next ten days, it must be understood that he will rise and set at the usual hours, and therefore no anxiety need be felt about him.

If it blows we shall be pretty certain to have wind; if not, it will be more or less calm—perhaps both more or less, or even neither.

Should we have any rain it is more than probable that we shall have wet weather. Should it snow we may look for a thaw sooner or later.

The state of the weather for the first half of the year will be mainly dependent on the sort of weather we have for the next six months.

To Timid Lovers.—The most delicate method of giving a lady a *key* to your feelings is to send her a *lock* of your hair."

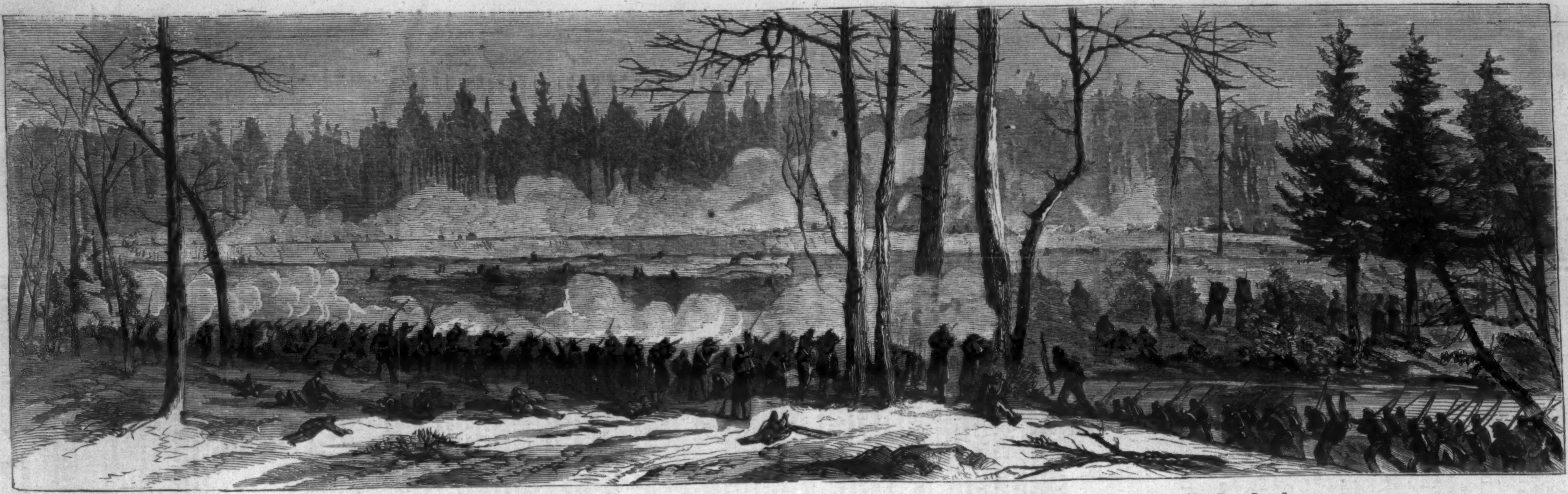
The Doctor and his Patients.—A certain eminent physician, being invited to a dinner-party, arrived at the house of his host at a somewhat earlier hour than had been named as the dinner-hour. He accordingly strolled out of the house into a church-yard which was hard by. When dinner was announced the doctor was absent, and an inquiry was made as to where he was. "Oh," said one of the guests, who had seen him in the church-yard, "he is paying a visit to some of his old patients."

There are two points on which the generality of Scotchmen are as daft as they are canny in all other respects. They labor under a delusion with regard to Sunday, which they call the Sabbath, and entertain an insane objection to instrumental church music, whence they name an organ "a kist fu' o' whistles."

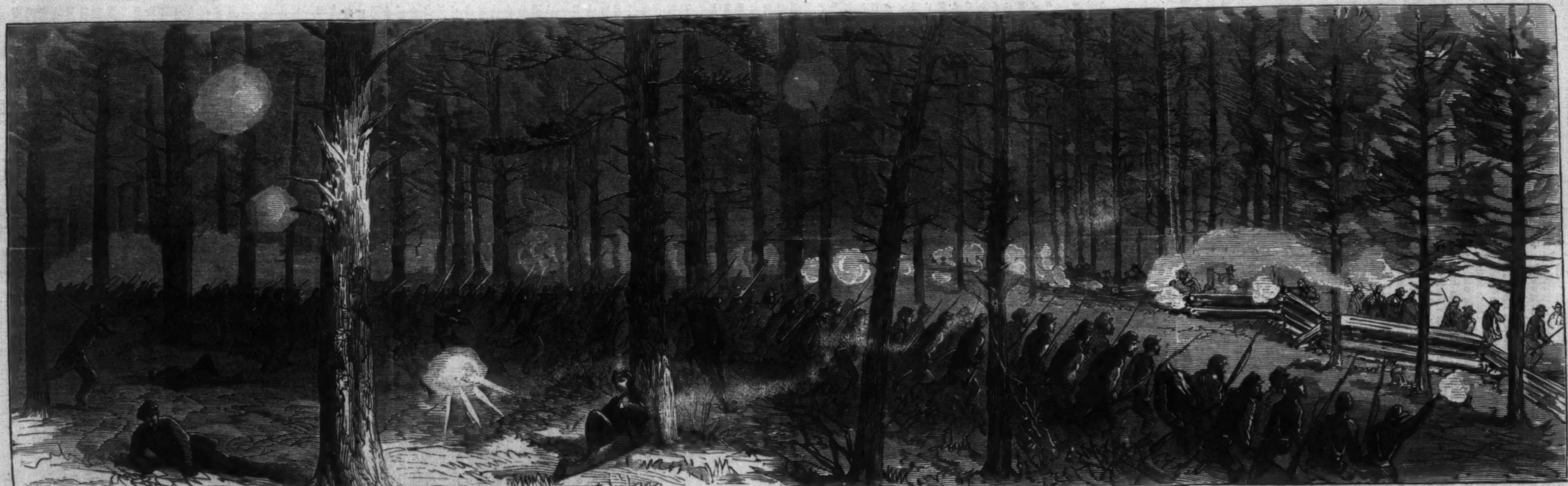
Peace makes plenty, plenty makes pride, pride breeds quarrel, and quarrel brings war; war brings spoil, and spoil poverty; poverty patience, and patience peace.

The Artist to Illustrate "The Sleeping Beauty"—Schnorr.

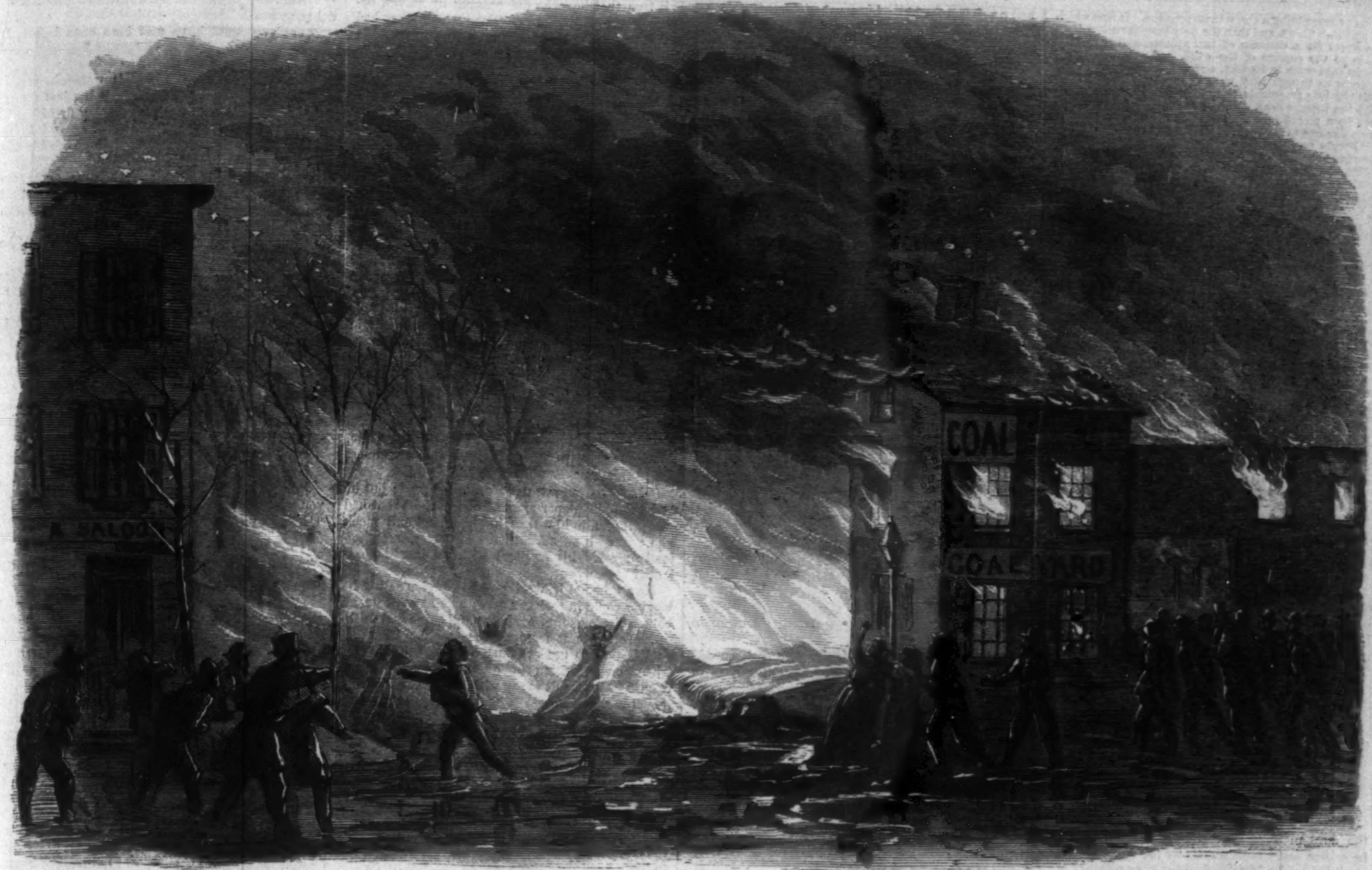
A New Way to Pay Old Debts—Settle them.



ACTION OF THE SECOND DIVISION, FIFTH CORPS, WITH THE REBELS ON ROWANTY CREEK, February 5, 1865.—Sketched by A. W. Warren.—[See First Page.]



CHARGE OF THE FIRST DIVISION, FIFTH CORPS, ON THE REBEL BREAST-WORKS, February 7, 1865.—Sketched by A. W. Warren.—[See Page 114.]



THE GREAT FIRE IN PHILADELPHIA—CORNER OF WASHINGTON AND NINTH STREETS.—[Sketched by J. L. Giles.]

THE RECENT CONFLAGRATION IN PHILADELPHIA.

On the 8th instant there occurred the most terrible conflagration that has taken place in Philadelphia since the great fire of 1850. The fire originated about half past two A.M., in Washington Street, near Ninth, where there was an open lot on which Blackburn & Co. had between two and three thousand barrels of petroleum stored on account of various owners. The flames starting here spread almost with the rapidity of explosion through the yard. Says the Philadelphia *Bulletin:*

"The blazing oil that escaped from the burning barrels poured over into Ninth Street and down to Federal, filling the entire street with a lake of fire, and igniting the houses upon both sides of Ninth Street for two squares, and carrying devastation into Washington, Ellsworth, and Federal streets, both above and below Ninth Street.

"An eye-witness, who was upon the spot when the oil poured out into the street, describes the fierce body of

THE GREAT FIRE IN PHILADELPHIA—VIEW IN FEDERAL STREET, LOOKING UP NINTH.—[Sketched by J. L. Giles.]

> flame as resembling a screw in its progress. It first whirled up Ninth Street, and then the fiery torrent rushed down the street for a distance of two squares, and then back again at the caprice of the wind, destroying all living things that came in its way, burning dwellings and their contents as though they were so much straw, and even splitting into fragments the paving-stones in the street with the intense heat. Fully five squares of houses, had they been placed in a row, were on fire at once, and the scene was one to make the stoutest heart quail.
>
> "People escaping from their blazing homes, with no covering but their night-clothes; parents seeking for their children, and terrified little ones looking for safety in the horrid turmoil, were all dreadful enough, but there were still more terrible scenes witnessed. Men, women, and children were literally roasted alive in the streets."

It is thought that eight persons were burned to death. One of the most thrilling incidents connected with the fire was the daring attempt made by a Mr. Fleetwood, fireman, to rescue a lady from her house, which was encircled by the flames. It is thus described by the Philadelphia *Press:*

> "The burning oil, hissing and seething, came pouring down the street, and the house, from which eleven persons had been rescued but a moment before, was licked up by the red, fiery tongues of the demon of Destruction. At this time the brave Fleetwood was bearing in his strong arms the body, it is supposed, of Mrs. Ware or one of her daughters. His companions were driven back by the approach of the burning element—the increasing heat and stifling smoke. Almost at the same moment the burning oil burst through the rear part of the house, and, flowing through the entry, all chance of escape was gone. The brave fireman endeavored to fight his way out, still holding the woman in his arms. He reached the front-door step; it was a moment of horror; he leaped from the step, driven by the flow of burning oil through the house, but the flames closed around him; a groan and a shriek escaped the lips of the victims, and both fell in death. His companions endeavored to rescue both, but it was impossible. Their crisped remains were found but a few feet distant from each other."

The loss from the fire is estimated at half a million. That portion of this loss, which falls to the poorest of the sufferers, will probably be made up to them by charitable citizens.

THE COLONEL'S VALENTINE.

I.

"I never was guilty of such a thing in my life," said the Colonel, calmly.

"Never sent a valentine?"

"Never."

"Nor received one?"

"No."

"Benighted ignorance! Here is a man to whom the most pleasing emotions are unknown; whose heart has never been wrung by the sight of its facsimile pierced with a barbed shaft, or softened with a delicious couplet wrapped in roses! I'll tell my Cousin Mary. Miss Arundel, here is a full-grown man who never sent or received a valentine."

Now if any one had been attentively observing him they might have detected a slight change in the indolent composure of the Colonel's handsome features. His negligent posture became the least bit more upright, and a glance from under his sleepy eyelids toward the lady addressed as Miss Arundel might have aroused in that same attentive observer some little of the interest of speculation. That is, if the attentive observer had been at hand; which he wasn't.

Colonel Hugh Carton had been leaning carelessly over the back of a couch on which lounged his friend and inquisitor, Francis Graham, the boyish son of the Colonel's present host. And if Colonel Carton had been asked some ten days ago what he thought about country visits in general he would probably have answered, with a shrug, "Bores!" His opinion had undergone modification by this time, however. Perhaps the Grahams were singularly felicitous in the party of guests they contrived to draw together; perhaps ten days of such glorious weather as rarely falls to the lot of February's infancy had something to do with the complacent state of his mind. At any rate, when young Graham appealed to Miss Arundel there was in Colonel Carton's momentary emotion a small stir of regret that this was the last evening of his stay.

The young lady was occupied with one of those never-ending resources, the photographic albums, and she did not look up to answer her cousin's speech. It could not possibly matter to her about Colonel Carton and his valentines.

"What a noise you are making, Frank!" she said. "You drown the music."

"Music!" echoed Frank. "A dissipated entreaty to 'Take this cup of sparkling wine.' You know I ought not to listen to that, Mary. And it makes my flesh creep, and turns you all into water-nymphs and gnomes. No. Whose caricature have you got there?"

"I have got Titiens as Margaret," replied Miss Arundel, quietly, faithful to her book.

"Somebody dressed up to resemble her, you mean?" said Mr. Frank.

He made one or two more efforts to draw his cousin into what he called conversation, failed, gave it up, hid a yawn with some difficulty, and sauntered away. Those two were hopelessly stupid; the one as bad as the other. And suddenly something seemed to flash upon Mr. Frank, and he exclaimed, "By George!" and looked back; but the relative positions were just as he had left them.

It might have been supposed that the Colonel, thus left free, would naturally join the young lady in her examination of Titiens as Margaret; but he did not. He only altered his position by leaning against a dark back-ground of curtain, so as to be able to take in the whole room, with all its arrangements, at a glance. Certainly his hostess was a woman of tact. The general fault in these country-house assemblages was, he considered, that the guests were too much *en masse*—too gregarious. Now, here and there, in Mrs. Graham's drawing-room, small tables were dotted about, admirably placed, and admitting of games for two only, apart from the rest, without being positively isolated: tables at which delightful little flirtations could and did go on with the most comfortable freedom from disturbance. Some one or two of these caught the Colonel's eye in its glance round the room, and he smiled to himself slightly. It is to be feared that he had a disposition to be cynical about them. He never flirted himself; it was an amusement that had no charm for him; but he thought this a very clever plan for parceling off sundry pairs out of the mass of guests, and making them amuse themselves—and others who chose to look on. Then his eyes came back to Miss Arundel over her book. They rested there with a strange expression for a moment, and then dropped. Other people, perhaps, would have seen little beauty in the face, except the beauty inseparable—in a degree at least—from youth. But Colonel Carton did not see as other people did. He was up in the clouds about Mary Arundel; up in the clouds for the first time in his life. All that was most exalted, all that he would have been skeptical about a fortnight ago, tinted his thoughts of her. He threw the light of stars about her till it dazzled him. He fancied—see how visionary the practical man grows when he is touched!—he fancied that, little as he sought her, they were yet together in perpetual, half-conscious thought of each other, and reference to each other's judgment. But his visit was over, and could not be prolonged. He did not yet know whether he meant to go away, having kept silence, or not.

Perhaps this uncertainty was a charm in itself; he could not tell. By-and-by, when the music began again, he left his leaning posture and approached Mary's table.

"It is a pity that pleasant things should come to an end," said the Colonel, out of his cloud.

From any one else such a commencement as this, by an abstract proposition, might have made her laugh; but somehow the Colonel had got into a habit of speaking to her out of his half-finished reveries, and she was used to it.

"I don't know," responded Mary. "They say that pleasure itself would cease to be pleasant if it had no end."

The Colonel meditated.

"That applies to the present only; I mean to this life," he said.

Mary did not answer. There was such an odd mixture of grave thoughts with lighter ones in this man's talk that he perplexed her. Just now, however, he seemed to rouse himself all at once. If he meant to speak out there was no time for wandering off into foreign discussion.

"I never thought to close a visit such as this with so much regret," he said. "I am obliged to leave here to-morrow. You go also, I think?"

"Yes, I must be at home for my sister's wedding. It is fixed for the fourteenth."

The Colonel grew a shade paler as he looked down upon the face that was never raised to his.

"If I thought—" he began, slowly.

He never finished. The voice of his restless friend broke in upon him, and he stopped. He never did any thing in a hurry.

"Valentine's Day," said Frank, catching his cousin's speech, and innocently unconscious that he could have been spared. "A very proper day too. Now, Mary, confess; haven't you a weakness for valentines?"

"No, Frank."

"Carton," said Frank, solemnly, "she is afraid of you and won't own it. Valentine's Day has never passed yet without bringing her a cargo of what she affects to despise."

Mary laughed.

"And very amusing it is, especially when I get an original lyric from Francis Graham. You know, Frank—"

"Ch—ut! Don't add libel to your other crimes. Carton, when we wore pinafores Mary promised to be faithful to me forever. I would have kept my pact and waited for her—I mean, allowed her to wait for me," said Frank, twinkling his eye; "but you see how it is. A wiser man than I am condemns valentines, and my poor annual offering is rejected!"

Mary answered quickly, a little displeased:

"Frank, you carry your nonsense too far. Of course, I am very fond of valentines, and you can send me as many as you like. Real ones," she added, trying to speak lightly; "all done up in a beautiful lace envelope, with 'To my Valentine,' illuminated outside."

Mary stopped. There was a movement in the room which she understood, and she rose, not altogether sorry to get away.

"I shall remember," said the Colonel, turning to her. And then he added: "I'm afraid I shall not see you to-morrow; I start early. Good-night, and good-by."

He might have held her hand a little longer than was usual or necessary; perhaps he did.

But Mary went through the other "Good-nights" with perfect calmness, and no one was sufficiently interested in her to notice that her eyes were very bright and her cheeks had more pink in them than usual. And the Colonel changed his dress and went to the smoking-room, after his habit; but he did not stay there long, and he was very silent. In the early morning Frank Graham volunteered to accompany his friend for a mile or two. I dare say the Colonel could have dispensed with the courtesy; but he did not say so, acquiescing simply.

As he rode away Colonel Carton turned his head, and looked slowly up along the range of windows which still had their blinds closed. It is just possible that this wistful backward look was seen, but that is Mary's business, not ours.

II.

Colonel Carton was in town; a lonely, meditative man. He had spent a whole dull month in town. He had acquired secret, and probably lying information, respecting the operas for the forthcoming season; he had read political articles till he was choked with politics. He had gone about from place to place aimlessly, with a weight on his mind, and a vague belief that there was a flaw somewhere in the government of the universe, but where it was he could not tell. For when Colonel Carton rode away from the Graham's "place in the country," I don't think he ever contemplated the possibility that this thing which had happened to him would happen. The Colonel had never sent a valentine in his life before; he sent one then. It was not a string of mild rhymes of his own putting together; nor a purchased and printed piece of inane sweetness. It is true that he, who did nothing by halves, bethought him of the lace envelope which Mary had spoken of. She was jesting, of course; but she should have one. I don't know how many respectable dealers in such fancy goods hated the Colonel for his hardness to please; and I should be afraid to chronicle the price at which he finally secured a single envelope of the most delicate elaboration of design and finish. And on the outside of this he wrote gravely, "To my Valentine." There might have been a comical sort of dismay in his face as he looked at the sentence; but he was not ashamed of it; he was too much in earnest. Whatever it looked like to others, it meant for him, "To my wife—if she will have me."

He could not have borne, of course, that indifferent eyes should see that dainty envelope and know it for his. But no one was to see it—that is, no one but Mary. And then he had written his letter, and the light of stars got into it and filled it. He came down out of his cloud to write; solemnly in earnest. The tender words which made their escape, somehow, from his unaccustomed pen, gave him so odd a sensation when he saw them that he was fain to lay his hand over the page and hide them from his own eyes as he went on.

What a fool he was!

This he would have said now; for this valentine, which had grown under his hands into an almost sacred thing, never was answered.

Colonel Carton was not a conceited man; but he had a certain proper amount of pride. What had this girl seen in him that she should not only mock him first with an affectation of interest, but absolutely receive his proposal with an insulting silence?

He might not be worthy of her, perhaps; but he was her equal in society's eyes; and, at any rate, an honest man's offer of his heart and home and faithful devotion is at least worth a reply. The Colonel's pale face used to flush a little at those times when he was turning this over in his mind; indeed it might be difficult to say when he was not turning it over in some indirect fashion. He would not have told the episode to his dearest friend—by-the-way, I doubt whether he had a dearest friend; if he had, that same friend kept strangely aloof from him now. The Colonel had few likings; his heart would have been all his wife's, if—

Well, it was of no use to think any more about it. And, having come to that conclusion, the Colonel would deliberately begin again, and go over all the details of that visit which had been so precious to him.

A short time after, Mary Arundel's sister married Mr. Temple, a Member of Congress. Mary was living a grand life, he thought. If he had only known!

III.

"Let me come in a bit, Carton. What an awful time it is since you were here!"

"Just two years," replied the Colonel, thoughtfully. "I hadn't this room then."

Frank Graham laughed, and made a grimace at the superfluity of looking-glass which surrounded him.

"No: you may get a view of yourself in any position you like. I don't know why you were put here; one of the mysteries of domestic polity, I suppose."

The Colonel shivered slightly, as a blast of wind sounded round the house and finished up with a dismal moan at the window.

"The fire is comfortable," he said. "If I recollect rightly, it's different weather from that we had this time two years. Many people here, Frank?"

"Well—yes; pretty fair. You know most of them. The Temples are here. And Mary Arundel is with them. Carton, don't be angry with a fellow; but, do you know, I used to fancy—"

"There's just fifteen minutes to dress in," said the Colonel, rising with his usual deliberation; "and I don't know that I can do it, so—"

"In polite language, I'm to 'take and hook it,' eh? Well, I'll not hinder such a get-up as yours. By-by."

Colonel Carton gave exactly five out of the fifteen minutes remaining to meditation; which did him very little service. So he would have to meet her again. How? He tried to settle this question, and failed. After all, it did not depend entirely upon himself; it was as well, perhaps, to leave it to chance.

He was down in excellent time, notwithstanding the wasted five minutes; and it fell to his lot to take Miss Arundel in to dinner.

I don't suppose that a more taciturn couple ever descended a staircase together. The Colonel had renewed his acquaintance with Miss Arundel indeed, but with the most inimitable distance and gravity. No one, seeing them meet, would have suspected the existence of those past passages in their lives which once drew them so closely together. And the Colonel did not think it necessary to make conversation either. Beyond the barest civilities he said nothing, and seemed quite content that Mary's attention should be wholly engrossed by her other neighbor.

That night the Colonel played chess with Mrs. Temple at one of the convenient little tables before-mentioned. It was rather a silent game, so that they could not have made much progress toward intimacy by means of words; neither can I tell how it was that before he checkmated her the Colonel caught himself speaking to Mrs. Temple with his old peculiar mixture of frankness and reserve accorded only to his friends, while she listened to him, and answered him too, as though they had known each other from childhood instead of having met for the first time an hour or two ago. The psychologist might resolve it into a simple question of natural affinities; at any rate, whatever the cause, the result is certain, that these two sought each other out from the first night of their meeting as old friends might have done.

"My sister is going to sing," said Mrs. Temple, one evening, as the pieces were placed. "I'm afraid this will be a poor game, for I always listen to Mary. You have heard her?"

"No," the Colonel was not aware that Miss Arundel sang at all.

"Yet you must have met here once before, I think?"

"Yes."

"That is strange. Perhaps it was—ah, yes, I remember; singing was forbidden to her just then; she is never very strong. Do you play first?"

Colonel Carton propelled the king's pawn into its accustomed square, and appeared to watch his adversary's move with interest.

"Miss Arundel is much quieter than she was two years ago. I remember that she was the life of all pleasure arrangements. If she is in delicate health that explains it."

"Ask her," said Mrs. Temple, laughing. "She will tell you it's old age. Mary is odd."

The Colonel looked at her ladyship's blonde face and fair hair speculatively. She must be at least five years younger than Mary, he thought. And then, with a finger on the piece he was about to move, he stopped. As a rule, he did not care for amateur singing; people in the constant habit of hearing first-rate professionals seldom do. But this was another thing, altogether different from the amateur singing of his experience. He kept his eyes on the board steadily, but Mrs. Temple saw that he was not thinking about the game.

"Suppose we give it up for a time?" said she.

He looked up quickly, with a slight smile.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Temple; not unless you wish it; I move the bishop."

Foolish play, as Mrs. Temple knew, and utterly foreign to his usual tactics; but she said nothing, and the Colonel lost the game in a few moves.

"For the first time!" said she, triumphantly; "we will not begin again to-night."

Colonel Carton acquiesced. Mary was still at the piano, and likely to remain there. When such assemblies as these get hold of a fine voice, there is very little mercy shown to its owner. By-and-by the Colonel got restless, and went up again to Mrs. Temple.

"You said your sister was not strong. Won't she be tired?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Temple; "I shall put a stop to it."

Perhaps she expected him to accompany her to the piano, but he did not; neither did he join the group of enthusiasts who loaded the singer with thanks and flattery. Mary and he were seldom near each other; when they were, it was as though they had both touched an iceberg, and never again could thaw into any degree of kindliness or warmth. Yet still the Colonel staid on. He had only come down for a day or two, but a week was gone already. He did not know how closely those keen eyes of young Graham's watched him, nor how perplexed the young man was with his behavior.

"They make love like crowned heads," said Frank; "that is, if it isn't all a sell; *I* never saw such stately politeness between lovers."

But there was no love-making in the case; nothing at all like it.

And one evening Colonel Carton determined with himself that he had staid too long already, and would positively take his departure the next morning. He was standing indolently in the doorway of the back drawing-room when he made this decision; and round the fire, in that coziest of retreats, he saw Mrs. Temple and her sister, two or three other young ladies, and Frank Graham, all in some animated discussion—all, that is, except Mary. Her face was turned toward the fire, and the profile, which was all he saw, struck him with its expression of weary listlessness. Suddenly Mary turned and looked at him—a strange look, averted hastily in a moment, for she had not known that he was there. But the Colonel saw the quick rush of color over her face—saw her put up one hand to hide it, and felt desperately that he must go away, or once again he should be a fool.

"Carton!" cried Frank, darting up, and drawing him toward the group. "The very man I wanted. He never sent one in his life. I heard him boast about it in that very room. Isn't it a true bill, Carton? I've adopted your opinions. Bear witness with me that valentines are silly, childish, nonsensical, every thing that's bad."

The Colonel, with a bitterness that the occasion did not seem to demand, replied,

"As mediums for inflicting pain and unwarrantable insult, I think them admirable, Frank."

Every one looked up at the Colonel as he said this. Even Frank began rashly, "Hallo, old fellow, I didn't think—" and then stopped, not knowing what to say. Mrs. Temple was the first to break the uneasy silence, which she did with an assumed indifference.

"Colonel Carton judges them harshly. I have had many a laugh over mine before I was married. I don't get any now. I remember that the last I had was on my wedding morning, and I never opened it."

"Never opened it!" repeated Frank. "What a shame!"

"No. It wasn't likely I could attend to such matters then. When I took off the outside cover, and saw what it was, I threw it with a lot of old letters into my traveling-desk, and there it is now for any thing I know to the contrary. It's odd I never had the curiosity to look for it; suppose we have a search now? Frank, you may fetch the desk, if it isn't too heavy for you."

No one spoke while Mrs. Temple unlocked the traveling-desk, which looked rather ponderous for a lady's use. No one noticed the tall figure behind her chair; no one saw the lips compressed and white, the head bending lower and lower, and the long fingers pressing into each other as Mrs. Temple dived into the secret recesses of the desk. He saw it all now; all his blind stupidity, and what it had caused, flashed across him as Mrs. Temple held up the long-hidden envelope. Half a dozen small hands were stretched out eagerly for it; one, larger than these, suddenly pressed somewhat heavily on her shoulder.

"Mrs. Temple, may I entreat of your goodness to restore to me that letter?"

"Colonel Carton—to you?"

"To me. *I* sent that valentine; the only one I ever did or ever shall send. Mrs. Temple, on my honor it contains nothing that could offend you in any way. Another time I will explain fully; now, to my regret and remorse concerning it, grant my request."

Mrs. Temple did not hesitate a moment. Something in this man's agitated manner appealed to her too strongly, and once again the Colonel held in his hand the luckless envelope of elaborate design and finish, and looked down upon the address in his own writing, "To my Valentine."

"It strikes me that we are being selfish," said Mrs. Temple, shutting up the desk briskly. "Take it back, Frank, and, young ladies, follow me, if you please, into the drawing-room, where every body is wondering why there is no music."

The Colonel stepped forward out of his corner. Did Mary know? Did she understand all and forgive him?

"Not you," said the Colonel, when she rose to go with the rest; "not you quite yet. Surely my punishment has lasted long enough!"

They stood together on the hearth, and the Colonel held out the unhappy valentine above a tiny jet of flame.

"You know that it is your property," he said. "I never thought of your sister at all; never thought of any other Miss Arundel than you. How was I to know you were not the eldest?"

"If it is mine give it to me, Colonel Carton."

"Presently. I asked you in it to be my wife, Mary; as you had a right to expect I should do. What could I think when I got no answer? Perhaps we have both misjudged each other?"

"Perhaps."

"Through this error? We have been dreadfully polite these last few days," said the Colonel, with a comical ruefulness. "I couldn't have stood it any longer; I meant to go away to-morrow."

The Colonel paused. The light of stars began to shine about her again as he held out his hand.

"Mary, I would be very true and loving to you. Will you be my wife?"

Perhaps Mary was a little bit afraid of a scene just then, knowing that at any moment she might be summoned to the piano; and she was not strong. Her answer, when she did answer in words, was another question:

"Will you give me my valentine at last and let me go?"

I think the Colonel was satisfied with it.

"THESE THREE."

No viewless angels by our side,
With wings, but women sweet and good;
"These Three," indeed, with us abide,
True types of womanhood.
Yea, I, in turn, have reached a hand
To each one of the blessed three,
In one fair group I've seen them stand—
Faith, Hope, and Charity.

My Faith hath misty hair—and eyes,
You can not fix their changing hue,
But all the world within them lies,
And all the soul looks through.
Her voice doth make divinely sweet
Each song of sorrow which she sings,
And saddest wisdom fills replete
With heavenly comfortings.

My Hope is ruddy with the flush
Of morning joy, that keeps its place,
Though day has darkened, and the rush
Of rain is on her face.
Her clear eyes look afar, as bent
On shining futures gathering in;
Naught seems too high for her intent,
Too hard for her to win.

My Love hath eyes as blue and clear
As clefts between the clouds of June,
A tender mouth whose smiles are near
To tears that gather soon.
Her best and loveliest she takes,
To light dark places;—wastes of life
She sows with precious seed that makes
All richest blessings rife.

Faith, when my soul in darkness dwells,
Shall sing her song throughout the night,
For each new effort life compels
Hope's clasp shall nerve with might;
Love shall divide each grief of mine,
Share every joy thus doubly given,
With each in turn life grows divine,
With all it tastes of heaven.

BARON CRUMP.

MRS. ORMSBY had only one fault, and that was exaggerated romance and sentiment—an amiable sort of fault, but it led her into some mistakes not pleasant to look back upon, and caused her to form friendships and attachments at first sight which were not exactly prudent. Because the neighborhood turned its back upon Mrs. Swallow and said hard things about her, Mrs. Ormsby made her her bosom friend, and was a year in finding out that the neighborhood was right after all. And when nobody else would hire Barbara Bridge in the capacity of cook, Mrs. Ormsby, taking pity on the "dear old thing," engaged her at high wages, and had her tipsy on her hands until she set the house on fire by putting a fluid lamp under her pillow instead of the kitchen key.

So in her girlhood had she, while very young and pretty, refused every offer sanctioned by her parents, and fallen in love instead with a young lawyer's clerk, with a pretty face and poor health, whom she met by stealth, in Peggy the housemaid's shawl and bonnet in the neighboring park, of evenings, and with whom she finally eloped one Sunday morning after church. Visions of a romantic reconciliation with her only parent doubtless filled her mind, but they were never realized. Her father only lived long enough to make his will, and then died of apoplexy, brought on by indignation at his daughter's disobedience.

So the honey-moon was marred by tears and the want of bread and butter, which the newly-made pair were quite young enough to fancy and eat a good deal of. Six years after, when Mrs. Ormsby was but twenty-one and her husband twenty-five, all the romance was on Mrs. Ormsby's side; and her husband was deep in a flirtation with a fat young widow, who wore rouge, frizzed her hair, and made no secret of liking porter.

However, the little woman never suspected half his falsehood; and when he drowned himself trying to sport on the waves at New Utrecht with the fat widow, who was one of a fashionable bathing-party, poor Mrs. Ormsby wished from the bottom of her heart that she was dead also, and made up her mind to be wretched forever. So she might have been in good earnest, for slow starvation is a trying thing, but that a grand-aunt relented toward her, and left her in her will a fortune more than sufficient to make her comfortable for life. With this she established herself in a pretty house in Philadelphia, and devoted herself to her children—two boys of five and four, and a girl baby.

Having money, of course people sought her rather more than they had been in the habit of doing while she struggled with poverty; and being, as we have said, romantic, of course she fancied them the most disinterested and benevolent creatures in the world. Some single ladies are remarkably girlish at twenty-one or two, and go so far as to forget that they have passed their sixteenth birthday; and though Mrs. Ormsby had been married, and had a family, she had viewed life only through the medium of novels.

Therefore it almost broke her heart to refuse the offers of marriage which were laid at her feet within the first few years: by the portly Quaker, who wanted an affectionate companion, by tall Mr. B——, who had had three wives before, and by short Mr. C——, who desired to set up for himself in some mysterious business down town. She went so far as to faint when the fifth adorer, a fortune-hunter, with the smallest possible conscience ever doled out to mortal man, threatened to shoot himself if she did not say "Yes;" but being truly constant to the memory of her fickle spouse, never thought of taking pity on him and marrying a second time.

So the years glided by from twenty-five to thirty, from thirty to thirty-five. Mrs. Ormsby's boys grew great fellows, taller than their mother, and Miss Ormsby was old enough to have half the tucks let out of her skirts. Youth had left the widow some distance behind, but she was buxom and blooming still, and almost as charming as when, disguised in Peggy's hood and cloak, she went to ramble stealthily with the enamored lawyer's clerk in Franklin Square by moonlight.

One of good Mrs. Ormsby's friends was Mrs. Finch, also a widow. Struggling along in their earlier life they had sympathized with each other, and though Mrs. Ormsby was now well to do she never forgot little Mrs. Finch, who was still keeping boarders in a house not far away, and whose trials and grievances were, as a matter of course, named legion. On the contrary, her romance found one very commendable vent in kindness to her old school-mate, and Mrs. Finch appreciated it fully. However, that lady was by no means sentimental. Single gentlemen who found fault with dinners they never meant to pay for had scattered to the winds those dreams which used to instigate the scribbling of bad poetry when she was Rose Matilda Ruby; and this fact had occasioned some difference of opinion between the friends, and had caused Mrs. Ormsby once to say, that the world had made poor Rose Matilda's heart a thing of stone—at least upon the surface.

This was when the much ill-used mistress of the boarding-house found it absolutely necessary to hint to her last boarder, the Baron Crump, that his apartment would be more acceptable than his society. A proceeding which Mrs. Ormsby denounced as heartless.

"But how is one to live?" asked Rose Matilda; "with butter at the price it is, and eggs so much a dozen; and whoever else loses their appetites boarders never do, my dear."

"How is *he* to live, poor destitute foreigner?" and Mrs. Ormsby's laced handkerchief went to her eyes.

"If I can get along with my family I'm sure he might with none," said Mrs. Finch. "Ah! it is all very well, Maria Jane; you have property, but you don't know what *I* have to endure; and if I am stony-hearted I hope I'll be adamant before long: one needs to be with a house full of boarders."

"So you really will drive the poor Baron from the shelter of your roof?"

"If he can't pay his bills I must. Why don't he teach his music or his German to somebody?"

"It must be hard for a person of rank to come to that. Don't you remember our reading 'The Heir of a Dukedom,' and crying over the trials of Leander when he taught drawing to those haughty wretches, Lady Ruth and Lady Sophy?"

"Mercy no! I've forgotten all about 'em," replied Rose Matilda.

"I haven't," said her companion. "Oh no, I trust my heart will ever melt for the woes of suffering virtue! Rose Matilda, do you think the Baron would condescend to be a tutor in a family?"

"No doubt he's too lazy," said Mrs. Finch.

"If one only dared now. My darlings are so deficient in music and languages; but to make the offer and see the blood mantle his proud cheeks and his eye flash. Oh, Rose Matilda, I couldn't stand it!"

"What are you talking of, for goodness' sake?" interrupted little Mrs. Finch, with astonished eyes wide open.

"Of the Baron. I would engage him as a tutor for the boys, if I thought he would be willing to accept the offer."

"If he is willing to accept my beef and pudding I should think he might. You can ask him," replied the lady, shortly. "But, Maria Jane, let me give you one piece of advice—lock up your spoons, and don't fall in love with him, for I misdoubt he's a barber!"

Jane Maria Ormsby arose: "I had yet to learn that Rose Matilda Finch could insult the unfortunate, or asperse the motives of one who has ever been her truest friend!" she said, with dramatic emphasis and a glance worthy of Mrs. Siddons, and sailed from the room, which she did not enter again for a little eternity of a fortnight. At the end of that time the Baron Crump was installed as tutor under the roof of Mrs. Ormsby's domicile. He came thither with two shirts and one pair of socks in a portmanteau, with Ollendorf under one arm and an accordeon under the other; and so frightened the Irish girl who admitted him, by his long hair and fierce gestures, that she had hysterics in the kitchen for an hour afterward.

He was not a handsome man, being wondrously long and lank, with pale straw-colored hair, and fishy eyes, and he had a way of making his harsh guttural language ten times harsher and more guttural than it usually sounds. He looked, too, on the whole, any thing but aristocratic or noble, in any sense of the word. But romance had shed a lustre over him, and Mrs. Ormsby saw in the new tutor the hero of a novel—exiled, insulted, and cast upon her gentle charity.

As Titania looked upon Bottom so looked the sentimental widow upon the Baron Crump; and though she did not "feed him with apricots and dewberries," she took great pains that such substantial dainties as he loved should be before him when he chose to signify his pleasure to partake. Truth to say, so did the romantic widow feast and humor the tutor Baron that Betty the cook declared in kitchen cabinet that he was "fairly sot up master."

Alas! alas! how shall we own the truth? Poor Mrs. Ormsby had been constant to her husband's memory throughout her youth. The Quaker had not touched her heart; she never dreamed once of the aspiring merchant who besought her hand. All those who swore "to die of love for her" were pitied and wept over, but not rewarded with her heart; and now, in her thirty-sixth year, with four or five silver threads in her black hair, and fast growing fat, Mrs. Ormsby had fallen in love with a hideous, hoarse-voiced German tutor, who called himself a Baron, and *was* goodness only knew what! The little woman knew well what a folly it was, and kept her secret to herself, never betraying her emotions to any living soul.

The Baron Crump was five years younger than herself, and on the strength of this she assumed grandmotherly airs, and spoke of him and the children in a breath as young people. She owned, in a sort of silent confession to her own conscience, that she was quite middle-aged, and ought to be ashamed of herself. She admitted also that the Baron was unwashed and unkempt, and by no means beautiful. "But," sighed little Mrs. Ormsby to herself, "I began by pitying him, and pity is akin to—to—to liking him very much indeed—the poor, dear, exiled Baron!—and all the more because he is ugly and disagreeable to others!"

The young Ormsbys were learning exceedingly coarse and unpolished German and French, with a strong German accent ditto. As for music, little Mrs. Ormsby knew very little about that. She knew the Baron made a great deal of noise, and supposed it to be all right in consequence. And when, in the evening, as she sat crocheting on the sofa, the Baron tutor sang to her such songs as from his lips were

"Ever of dee,"

or

"Dere's not in dis vild vorld a walley so sweet,"

she was exceedingly charmed, beat time altogether out of time with her plump foot, and imagined that "he sang as if he meant it, poor dear fellow!"

At last she had concocted for herself a small romance, which read thus:

"The Baron was poor; the Baron was proud. She was rich, and pretty—had not poor dear Ormsby said so a thousand times? The Baron loved her, and she—oh dear me!—liked the Baron. Being poor and proud, the Baron would never reveal his sentiments. No, he would die rather. Her gold stood between them." From that identical moment when this butterfly of a fancy escaped the web within which many novels had warmed it into life, little Mrs. Ormsby saw new charms in Baron Crump's sallow face and straw-like hair. His guttural German pleased her better than before, and slowly, slowly, slowly she was forming a gigantic determination. If the Baron wouldn't speak she must. Did not Elvira, of the Castle Clare, pop the question in a paragraph of two hundred words to Claude, the peasant boy, in "Hall and Hovel; or, the Sorrows of the Heart?" She would do it—yes, she would do it—though, if any body ever found it out, she must die.

What should she say?—"Baron, I have penetrated your secret." Yes, that would do; and he, perhaps, would answer, "I would rather die than divulge it." Then she: "I honor your sentiments, dear Baron, and my esteem is only heightened by your expression of them," etc., etc.

Mrs. Ormsby had a good deal of silver, a legacy from her deceased grand-aunt. Also, at certain times, three months apart, she had overnight, before depositing it in the bank, certain sums of money which were of themselves sufficient to tempt a housebreaker. Little Mrs. Finch, who was very prudent, had suggested a thief-proof safe; and one being purchased, stood in a large pantry opening from the dining-room.

In this, at the hour of retiring, little Mrs. Ormsby was in the habit of placing all her valuables, from her cake-basket and table-spoons to the earrings and bracelets wherewith she adorned herself on state occasions. And this being a work of time, she occasionally had some one to help her, often Horace, sometimes a domestic. After all was done, she hid the key under the pillow on which her head reposed, and feared no burglars. Of late, to encourage the "poor dear Baron," she had requested his assistance in the nightly jailing of valuables; and it gave opportunity for a good deal of flirting, and a great many innocent little affectations of "being dreadfully afraid"—and "suppose there should be a burglar in the pantry," which the Baron always took in solid Dutch earnest, and peeping in, would say: "Nien, I gif my vord, Madame, dere is no tief dere. De vindow is not pig enough to get him into."

"Any one less noble," thought Mrs. Ormsby, "would have spoken when I said it's a terrible thing to be so lonely and unprotected;" but the dear Baron only sighed. (He had said "so," and grunted in reality.) And the little woman resolved, for the twentieth time, to take the initiative, and ask the German what his pride forbade him to ask her. Still she did not do it, hoping that her smiles and tender glances might give him courage.

Thus the time passed on until quarter-day came again—a windy, blustering December day, which made Mrs. Ormsby shiver through the windows. It was useless to talk, however. She always had collected rents herself; and Horace, the eldest, always accompanied her. This morning that youth grumbled much, but in vain. The cab was at the door. Mother and son, wrapped in furs, stepped in, and away they went all over Philadelphia. Horace returned home radiant and hungry, but poor little Mrs. Ormsby had caught cold and the toothache. She could not eat. The Baron appeared to sympathize.

"Der peef is goot," he said, helping himself to a slice. "Dat is pad you not eat some."

"Ah, you don't *know* what I'm *suffering*!" said Mrs. Ormsby.

"So," replied the Baron, and shook his head. "He means," said Mrs. Ormsby to herself, "that he suffers also in his heart, if not in his teeth."

However, even the most exquisite romance never cured the toothache.

All that evening Mrs. Ormsby passed in her own room with poultices of hops upon her cheek and laudanum in her little pink ear on a piece of cotton. At eleven o'clock she started up, remembering that for the first time in years she had not locked her silver in the safe.

"Call Master Horace," she said to the cook, who was just going up stairs to bed.

"Master Horace is snoring horrid, with his door locked, mum," said the cook.

"Master John then."

"It's the same with him, mum," said the cook.

"Oh, must I do it myself?" asked Mrs. Ormsby, holding her cheek. "Wait a minute, where is the Baron?"

"A-reading Dutch in the dining-room," said cook.

Belting the crimson wrapper about her, and taking a peep in the glass, Mrs. Ormsby went tip-toe down the stairs and entered the dining-room.

"Oh, Baron, I'm almost dead," she said.

"So," said the Baron.

"I *shall* die before morning *I* think."

"So."

"And I'm not capable of locking up the silver. Won't you do it for me—there's a—a kind friend!"

"Yas, vith pleasure," said the Baron.

So the Baron went to work collecting all the valuables, and in her own room the lady heard him busy.

Pretty soon he came up and knocked at her door. Little Mrs. Ormsby peeped out and took from him the key-ring she had given to him.

She did not count the keys, however, or she might have missed some.

The Baron lumbered up to his chamber, next that of Horace, and soon the household snored. Even Mrs. Ormsby, a miraculous cessation of toothache combined with laudanum, hot-drops, and a wee bit of brandy-and-water, lulled to sleep; a deep slumber from which she started awake as the clock struck twelve. She had left a light burning, and on waking arose to extinguish it with careful dread of fire. As she did so she heard a sound—certainly a sound. A stealthy creaking of the stairs, under the weight of feet.

House-breakers at last, thought Mrs. Ormsby; and made up her mind to faint. Thinking better of it, however, she peeped out of her door. Some one was going down stairs. Mrs. Ormsby was about to scream for the Baron and Horace, when she saw that it was the Baron himself. Ay, and in traveling costume, with over-coat, shawl, and portmanteau.

"His feelings have been too much for him; he leaves me lest he should declare his love. Oh the noble Baron!" sobbed Mrs. Ormsby. "But he shall not go! He shall know that his Maria Jane is all his own! Do *I* care for dress?—oh no!"

And so, wrapped in the crimson robe, and forgetting her night-cap, the widow pursued the Baron with her heart in her hand, ready to pop the question and be accepted.

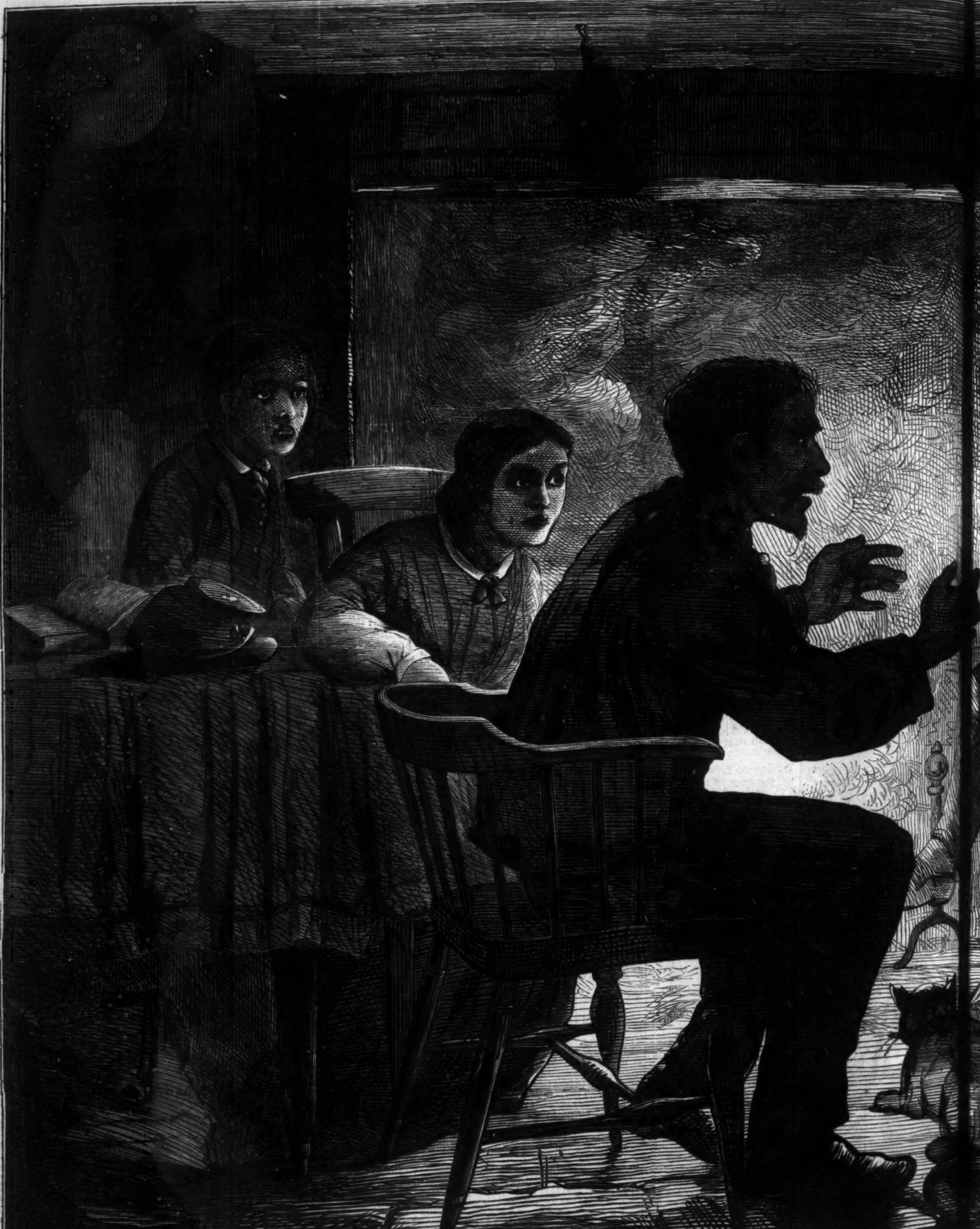
Before her went the Baron with a candle. At the dining-room door he paused. "To leave a letter for me, perhaps," said the lady, "in the pantry. Ah! yes; he knows I'll go there first!" So she stood at the door trembling, and saw him crouch before the safe, take from his pocket two keys, unlock that repository of valuables, and begin to fill the pillow-case he drew from his pocket with tea urn, forks, spoons, and specie.

Then, speaking to himself in German, the poor dear Baron said, "It is an evil wind that blows good to no one. Huzza for the toothache!"

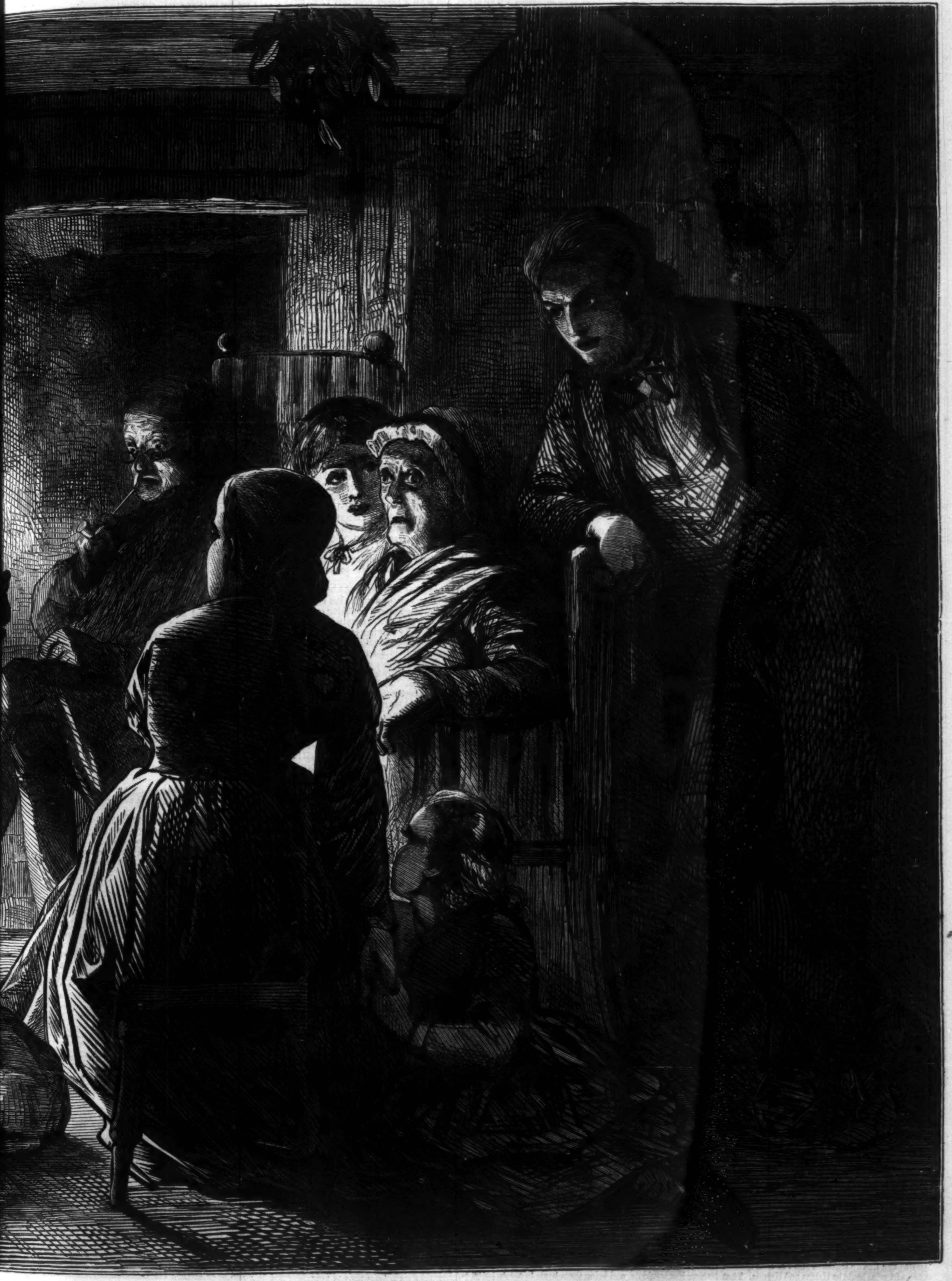
Mrs. Ormsby understood him. She gave a shriek, and he turned. When he saw her the pillow-case dropped, and he fumbled in his breast as for a weapon.

"A vord—von vord—and you die!" he said, and he gave a wild glance at the door.

Mrs. Ormsby was not capable of uttering even half a word, for she fell fainting to the floor. When she recovered the Baron and the tea-urn were gone. The other things he had left behind him in his fright. Little Mrs. Ormsby picked herself up, locked the street-door, examined all things in the safe, and went up stairs. To this day there are three mysteries in that household—Why the Baron left so suddenly; where his pillow-case went; and why the silver tea-urn is never used.



HOME AGAIN!—THE STORY A



A LIFE IN REBEL PRISONS.

THE VALENTINES FOR NUMBER TWENTY.

I HAD not got my town head when I reached this great city; and Heaven help the poor country lad's brains when he comes into the din for the first time after making a long train journey! How over all the noise I seemed to hear the screaming of fifty locomotives, the ringing of a thousand bells, the rattle of a million carriages, and a dull roar like a thousand muffled drums beating at a hundred funerals—all at once. And how I crept away after I deposited my luggage at the address given me, and wandered for an hour in gloomy back streets far away from the bewildering roar—streets that seemed to lead to no place, and never have any one coming in or going out of them. I mention this to show I really was young and very, very green at that date of my life.

I came from the country to enter on what my step-father called "the brilliant path of commerce," which, definitely speaking, was to occupy a clerk's stool in the counting-house of Hemp & Hall—great names cityward, as every one knows. "A great opening" this path of commerce was called by many people; but I can not say I ever agreed with them. I took possession of the lodgings Smithers the head-clerk had taken for me, and of my stool in the office next morning, and thus began my city life.

I fell ill, and Smithers sent me a doctor, and occasionally dropped in of an evening; but with this exception I spent day after day alone.

To while away the tedious hours I was driven to staring out of the window—for I was not always confined to bed, but principally on a sofa in my sitting-room, which, I ought here to mention, was on the second floor of the house.

Of the three houses directly opposite me kind Providence centred my interest on the middle one. For an infirm old lady who never went out occupied the one to the right, and a tiresome old bachelor who was always out the one to the left; so what could I do all day but stare at the middle one?

I soon found out how many occupants this house had. I knew the hours of their going out, and the hours of their coming in; and if I did not guess accurately what they had for dinner, at least I knew the hour at which they ate it. I asked the servant what the name of the family was, and she stared at me as if I were "a hinfant phenomoner" with a plurality of heads. Then I sent the willing slavey across the street, and she returned with the exciting news that No. 20 was on the hall door. But this helped me little; for on procuring last year's "Directory" I found No. 20 marked "vacant;" so my interesting inquiries were suddenly checked.

There were four people living in this house, besides the servants—father, mother, and two girls I concluded to be the daughters. Their drawing-room was a double room, just on a level with mine, but not so exactly opposite that I could not see the fire-place, near which, it being December, the ladies were generally grouped. When the folding-doors stood open I had an excellent view, owing to the thorough light, and could see various pieces of furniture plainly. A piano, a couch, a work-frame, and flowers in the far-off drawing-room. I could see into the parlor too; yea, even to the corner of the paper which Paterfamilias re[illegible]ing, and I could see the young lady who poured out the tea.

It was all very well to allow the family to go without a surname, but I soon found it absolutely necessary to give the young ladies Christian names. Easy as the task may appear, I had some difficulty in selecting suitable ones. At last, in a moment of inspiration—I could scarcely call it any thing else—I bethought me of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" and its two heroines, and I at once decided my two friends should be Helena and Hermia. That was a grand idea. The taller, and I concluded the elder, should be Helena, and the pretty little creature should be Hermia. I had always looked on Hermia as a small woman.

I found it much more comfortable for myself when their names were allotted. Thus, when they came down to the drawing-room before dinner, and, as they often did, sat on low seats and read by the fire-light, it was so much pleasanter to say, "Helena has on her blue dress," or, "Oh, dear me! Hermia has finished her third volume already," instead of "the tall one" or "the short one." Every day they went out to walk unless it were very wet, and I used to be in a fever of impatience until they came in again; and if rain came on while they were out I was quite miserable until they came home for fear of their being wet.

Thus days passed on until a few were only left before Christmas. My opposite neighbors were very busy all the week before Christmas. At first I wondered what the girls were about when for two mornings they never made their appearance in the drawing-room; and it was with a feeling of great joy I saw the gleam of their light dresses before dinner, and the books and seats by the fire as usual, until the father's knock and entrance brought dinner and a descent to the dining-room. It was very stupid of me not to remember that Christmas housekeeping had to be attended to, for I made myself most unutterably miserable with the fear that Helena and Hermia might be going away to spend Christmas, and that the mornings might be taken up packing in their own rooms.

At last I saw Hermia one morning in the drawing-room. She came in with a white apron on, and going to the secretaire, took out some sheets of letter paper which she proceeded to cut into various fancy patterns.

"It is for ornament," I cried, joyfully; "then they are going to spend this week at home, for what would be the use of making ornamental pastry if they were going away?"

Miss Hermia spoiled two or three sheets of paper before she succeeded to her mind; but I admired the judicious way in which she burned her failures, and only went down stairs with her successes in her hand. At that very moment I had paper in my desk which would, I am sure, have been the very thing for her; and a hundred times at least during that day I wished I might have dared to offer it to her. Fancy the exquisite felicity of seeing her cut *my* paper! Even if it were to be chopped as small as mince-meat and cast into a burning fiery furnace afterward, what matter? Gladly would I have followed the fragments, could I but have been satisfied that Hermia and her sister would have dropped a few tears just to extinguish the remains of my smouldering ashes; nay, one tear each, which would make only a pair between them, would have perfectly satisfied me. As it was, I could only pull over my desk and look at the paper, and handle it, and finally doze off in the midst of a brilliant *château en espagne*, in which every thing I had in the world (no great possessions, certainly) was being used by the young ladies in No. 20, without any compunction or hesitation.

On the morning of Christmas-eve I was at my window early. The servant had just retired after depositing my coffee-pot and toast upon the table, when a cab drove up to No. 20, and a visitor with some luggage arrived. Never shall I forget my feelings as I looked at that man. With a gasp I recognized him as my rival. In what? will naturally be asked, and as natural will be the answer, "I am sure I do not know." But sufficient it was that he was gaining access to that enchanted floor, and about to have social intercourse with those fair women who were but a dream to me. Shall I describe him? Even now—and some years have passed since then—his figure rises before me as he was that Christmas-eve, when I saw him for the first time.

He was tall (I am no great height myself), and slight, and dark—dark, yes to the very mustache, which was, like himself, thin. Then his dress, which I at once pronounced "snobby," was in keeping with his figure and style; and if he wore one thing worse than another it was leather gaiters. Hating the stranger as a whole, I think I can not better describe him than by saying he was exactly the picture of the villain one sees on the stage.

It took away all my appetite for breakfast—and mine was pretty cool when I turned to it—to see how they received that man. Every one came out to welcome him—father, mother, and daughters. The father clapping him on the back and wringing his hand, the mother kissing him, and the two maid-servants quarreling for the honor of carrying his portmanteau. And, what was worse than all, I am afraid I saw him kiss the girls just as the hall-door was being shut. What I could see of the breakfast tactics only made me worse. Helena made tea, and Hermia danced attendance on him. Through one window I could see her stoop over the fender, bringing away successive hot plates, while through the other I could see their destination was to be heaped up with choice viands for the diabolical stranger.

Then he must go out to walk with them! Nothing less would do, and bring them home in a cab just before it grew dark. I saw a sheet spread on the drawing-room floor, and the evergreen piled upon it, and then the girls, with the villain's aid, began to decorate the lamps and picture-frames.

What a blessing I was awake when this little play began, and what a happy hour they chose for it! The girls had on their white dresses, and floated about from mirror to picture, from picture to lamp, like the Peris in the illustrated Lalla Rookh. Then it was I learned a secret which toned down my burning hatred, and left only a strong dislike in its place.

Helena stood on a chair and dressed the lamp; probably she took this duty on account of her superior height; perhaps the villain recommended it, for he stood beside her, and, breaking the holly and pelletrie into small pieces, handed them up to her. Hermia flitted about the room doing such work as came within the reach of her short arms when standing on a chair. I could see the gleam of her dress as, after putting up her sprays, she would jump down, and, moving back, look at the effect from a little distance, and then dart forward and push some refractory stems out of sight. Then I saw her take an armful of the evergreens and descend to the dining-room to continue her work there. I was so engaged in watching her, and the strong fire lighted up the room so gloriously—I could see the very flowers in her hair—that I forgot to give any attention to the progress of the drawing-room decorations, but when I did look I saw more than was meant for the eye of the public.

Honor bright! with the golden rule in my memory, I am not going to betray a confidence so unwittingly given. If the villain never committed a crime of greater magnitude than to stand steadying Miss Helena by encircling her waist with his arms, all forgiveness to his memory! It is not for me to cast the first stone. I have done worse things myself in my day. Nor was it exactly extortion, the villain exacting toll for lifting the young lady down from her high position and replacing her in it.

Once Hermia caught them in the act of balancing their debtor and creditor account in this fashion. She may have laughed, but I could not hear it, only I saw the gesture of amazement, the uplifted hands, and could fancy some lively sally at the lovers' expense, when she ran from the room closely followed by the indignant villain, who seemed to demand instant vengeance. That she had made good her escape I doubted not, for the next moment I saw her opening the hall-door to her father, when his familiar knock wakened up the quiet street. Then with what interest I watched them all assemble for dinner round the drawing-room fire. Helena and her villain stood far apart at different sides of the group, but I could follow Hermia's face as it turned from one culprit to the other, as if threatening them, and more than once Helena shook her head and finger at her when it could be done without observation.

For some weeks afterward I was confined to my bed.

It was the twelfth of February, and I had finished the reading of the paper, even to the last of the advertisements, and found myself pondering over it in a most unaccountable way. It treated of valentines, and described, in glowing terms, how cheap and brilliant and loving and original they could be had at a certain shop not a hundred miles distant from where I then sat.

Then I pictured some silly fellow sending a bought valentine to Hermia. To Hermia! I writhed at the thought. Just such a thing as the villain would do! I said, and my old hatred to him woke up fiercely at the bare supposition. As I thus tortured myself with possibilities, scarcely even probabilities, of others worshiping at the same shrine I did, an idea suddenly burst upon me. I sprang up from the couch. "By Jove I shall send her one myself! I shall send them each one, and no one can accuse me of undue partiality!"—(The acute reader will have detected long before this the state of my young affections.)—"But," I said, "I shall make sure of Hermia's first; I might fall asleep, or have a fit, or something that would prevent me writing a second;" and that my lack of confidence in my own muse was justified by its rapid exhaustion the reader will soon see. To choose a metre, to choose a subject, to fit my rhymes—why need I dwell on these threadbare anxieties of the youthful aspirant to poetic fame? At last, having been guided in the first by my choice of the second—an Irish legend I had read years before—I indited the following verses to Hermia, and I hope I shall receive a pardon on the score of my youth when I freely confess that I thought them very fine indeed, and far, very far beyond the average:

My little neighbor, lend a pretty ear,
  And I will tell a little tale romantic;
In far-off seas I found it long ago,
  Amid the surges of the wild Atlantic.

Two islets lie there gleaming side by side,
  But severed by a channel full of danger:
So fair and white that the tongue of far-off times
  Called them "The Joyless Maidens of the Stranger."

For there beneath the waters calm and fair
  That gird the sisters round with azure zones,
Lie rotting ribs of many a goodly ship,
  And many a sturdy seaman's whitening bones.

And now a beacon stands on either rock
  To guide the wanderer on the treacherous sea;
In each, when first I knew them long ago,
  A solitary keeper used to be.

Yet not alone; for each one had a child,
  A boy that burrowed like a rabbit in the sand,
A girl that trimmed the lamp, and kept the house,
  And gathered "John o' Groats" and escallops on the strand.

Of course you seize my story by the end,
  The "how it came about" you can't, I hope;
Pray grant me patience in my maundering tale,
  Don't laugh—I'll tell you—'twas a telescope!

FOR THE BOY GROWING UNTO MAN'S ESTATE,
  SPENT MANY AN HOUR GAZING THROUGH A GLASS,
WATCHING A LITTLE NOOK UPON THE SHORE,
  WHERE DAILY WAS THE MAIDEN WONT TO PASS.

And presently he launched a little skiff,
  Made from some sea-drift cast upon the shore,
And spread abroad his tiny cloud of sail,
  And sailed away to sunny Huilin-Mōr.

But I must reach my moral, so shall skip
  The tender meeting on the yellow strand,
And tell you how it fell upon a day
  The lovers wandered seaward hand in hand.

And still she cried, "Say, Owen, am I fair?"
  And as he answered his rough voice grew soft,
And gravely said, "Yes, dearest; fair to me;"
  As he had answered many a time and oft.

Then suddenly she plucked her hand away,
  And flung at him a pretty puckered frown;
"Am I not fair in other eyes?" she cried;
  "Fair as the maidens in the far-off town?"

And as he gravely smiled, he took her hand,
  And answer made—"Nay, 'tis a thing of taste;
I loved you ere I touched this plump round arm,
  Or laid a finger on your dainty waist.

"LOVED ERE I KNEW A FEATURE OF YOUR FACE,
  WAS BLIND BEFORE I SAW THE DIMPLE THERE.
WHAT IF MY LOVE'S A GHOUL TO ALL BESIDE!
  SO, DEAREST, YOU ARE STILL MY FAIREST FAIR."

Then I transcribed the verses with great care, writing the seventh verse and the last in capitals, that they might point the moral I felt a delicacy in drawing more openly, and I considered this as a decidedly telling hit.

By this time my poor Muse was pumped dry. Yet, still undaunted, I cried, "Now for Helena's! Doubtless the villain will write her half a dozen at least, so I shall confine myself to a *réchauffé*; some good standard verses will be very respectful and respectable." So I cast about in my mind what poet should be honored by selecting from. Of right I ought to have told her "her eyes were lode-stars, and her tongue's sweet air," etc., but I had never heard her tongue, and what swayed me most of all was that the rest of the passage was exceedingly unmanageable.

In a volume of Poe's poems I found the nicest, tiniest set of verses, and so near the end of the book that I flattered myself it was not every fellow who had read so far. These are the lines I wrote out for Helena, drawing a fine capital letter at the beginning of each verse, in what I then considered a very high style of art:

"Helen! thy beauty is to me
  Like those Nicean barks of yore,
That gently o'er a perfumed sea
  The weary wayworn wanderer bore
    To his own native shore.

"On desperate seas long wont to roam,
  Thy hyacinth air, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
  To the glory that was Greece,
    And the grandeur that was Rome.

"See in yon brilliant window niche
  How statuelike I see thee stand,
  The agate lamp within thy hand.
Ah! Psyche, from the regions which
    Are holy land."

My brains had been so much taxed in producing Hermia's original valentine that I felt very happy indeed to be able to produce Helena's at such a cheap rate; and really, when these verses were all fairly written out in an ornamental style, I felt quite as proud of them as if they were indeed my very own composition; nay, at times I began to imagine they were little airy trifles I had thrown off in moments stolen from severer studies, and not Edgar Allan Poe's at all.

I put each valentine into an envelope, and the two envelopes into one larger one, sealing it with a very large seal that had been my grandfather's in days when old gentlemen wore their watches with a bunch of seals attached to them by a broad black ribbon.

To address a letter to people whose names I did not know may to some people appear a difficulty; but I soon got over that.

To the young Ladies at
No. 20 —— Street,
(One Each,)

seemed a simple solution of the difficulty; and to bed at last I went, very tired, but very proud of my night's work.

The next day, the 13th, I determined they should be posted; and, after keeping the letter back until it was impossible it could be delivered before the next morning, I sent the servant to drop it into the nearest pillar-post.

The next day I received a visit from the father of the young ladies, who had "found me out." At first he was inclined to be severe with me. But it turned out that he had known my father at college, and he concluded to forgive me, and invited me to dine with him that evening. His name was Walton.

When the hall-door shut I got up on the table and gave three cheers.

My first act was to take out my evening suit of clothes, which had not seen the light since I left the maternal home. My next was to brush them thoroughly, a piece of labor which can only be appreciated by a person in the weak state of health in which I then was. But was I not going to dine at No. 20?

Never, not even on my wedding morning (a few months ago), did I bestow such care on my toilet as on that memorable occasion. I sent out and purchased six new white ties, but after trying them all, one after another, and being dissatisfied with the result, was obliged to go in an ordinary black one.

Grief the First.

Then my collar was unsatisfactory. How is it that laundresses will not turn over a fellow's collars close up to the band, both corners alike? I profanely wished my washer-woman certain punishments nameless to ears polite.

Collars were Grief the Second.

Then my neckstud rolled away, and find it I could not though I searched every corner.

Grief the Third.

But grief of griefs, worst of all, when I got into my coat, I found I had grown so much since my illness, that the cuff of the coat came barely to where the cuff of my shirt began.

Grief the Fourth.

In a word, I was in a fever of despair long before my toilet was completed, and barely able to drag my weary limbs across the street about five minutes before six o'clock.

Had I been stronger and heartier I might have detected a smirk, slightly subdued, on the face of the maid who showed me up stairs, for I believe my history had even reached the basement story of No. 20; but I was too exhausted by such unwonted exertion to be conscious of any thing but that an introduction was before me to Helena and Hermia.

I advanced into the drawing-room, saw four people, had my hand shaken by Mr. Walton, and in one great effort to make three bows to three ladies staggered and fell fainting against some one, Paterfamilias, I believe. When I recovered consciousness I was on the sofa, and Mr. Walton standing by me; Mrs. Walton was giving me a glass of wine, and Hermia stood at a little distance with the decanter in her hand.

I blurted out some apology, and Mr. Walton said in a good-humored, kindly way:

"Well, you are a pretty fellow! This is what you call being quite able to go out to dinner! I have a good mind to tell your doctor!"

But I declared I was perfectly well, and only a little giddy with being unaccustomed to the open air, and was very indignant at not being believed. I was not allowed to go down to dinner; but the parlor-maid (now minus the smirk) brought me up some soup, of which no praises could be too great; after my landlady's watery decoctions this was indeed nectar. Other things equally good followed, and I fell asleep at last, not without a slight dread that I might have been asleep all the time, and would awake presently in my own lodgings.

I did not, however, but awoke in No. 20 to see Helena and Hermia reading by the fire-light, as I had seen them dozens of times before. I was afraid to stir lest it should break the spell that was over me, but lay watching them, and wishing every minute would be an hour long.

Then the parents came up and we had lights, and a little music of the pleasantest soothing kind. I never hear Mozart's masses without remembering that evening; and when the "Agnus Dei" from the First Mass is played by any one even now, I feel that inexpressible peace steal over my soul that fell upon it that night when I heard Helena Walton touch it for the first time so tenderly, with a deep feeling of its wondrous beauty shining out of every sentence.

I went home at last. Mr. Walton saw me into my own room and charged me to go at once to bed, and though I obeyed him, sleep was out of the question.

Not so charming as I imagined! Yes, a hundred times more charming! No wonder I could not sleep. Again and again came the picture of the drawing-room I had left. Mr. Walton lying in an arm-chair by the fire, telling me I need not talk unless I felt quite able and inclined, Hermia and her mother at their work, with Hermia's head bent over hers just within my view, and Helena at the piano, heightening the beauty and enjoyment of the scene.

Next day I was too tired to rise; but in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Walton kindly came over to see me; I was in the drawing-room then, and Mrs. Walton honored me by pouring out tea for us, though I own to feeling for the first time that the cups were coarse and common, and that the bread in a cheap japanned bread-basket was not what she was accustomed to.

After this I spent many an evening at No. 20, and the girls and I became fast friends, even to laughing over the two valentines, which, at their urgent entreaty, I returned to them, for Mr. Walton had left them with me the day he called. I was soon established on a confidential footing in the family, and last Christmas entered into violent competition with the villain (who properly was called Smith) and Helena in the matter of decorating—they persisting in declaring Hermia and I were a pair of bunglers.

These were not their real names, however, though I have loved to call them so throughout my story. She whom I called Helena was properly Joan, and the fairy Hermia had been baptized Agnes; and I lay down my pen to laugh at the recollection of the evening when my thus naming them came to be known.

I had come one evening uninvited, saying, as an excuse to Mrs. Walton, that I had brought Miss Helena some monograms and Miss Hermia some Honolulu postage stamps.

"Miss Helena and Miss Hermia?" Mamma Walton said, inquiringly.

I stammered out, "Your daughters," which satisfied her, not being of an inquisitive disposition; but I told the girls afterward, amusing them no little.

I said, "You know when I am here I address you as Miss Agnes; but when I am at home I still think of you as Hermia."

And this anecdote was soon added to the lists of jests we had in common; and if I brought two bouquets, as I often did when I knew a party was approaching, I ticketed them "Helena's" and "Hermia's."

In due course of time Joan became Mrs. Smith, and went off with the villain; and about the same time I became, how it matters not, a man of independent means.

St. Valentine's Day was drawing near again, only a few weeks off, and I was sitting in the dining-room, after dinner, with Mr. and Mrs. Walton and Hermia.

"You will only have one valentine to send this year, Gilbert," Mr. Walton said, with a sigh. "It used to be 'one each,' eh! Ah! we shall miss Joan!"

"By Jove!" I said to myself, "here is an opening not to be despised."

"No, Sir," I said, "I am going to ask you for a valentine for myself. I am sure you know as well as I do I want Hermia—I mean Agnes. You and Mrs. Walton know me so well now I have nothing to say, but that I shall try every day to be more worthy of her."

I was too husky to say more, and Agnes having slipped from the room, I had lost a good deal of courage.

There was a little silence, and Mr. Walton shook my hand silently.

"It is what we fathers come to," he said.

I rose and went round to where Mrs. Walton sat by the fire in an arm-chair. There were tears on her face.

"And you?" I asked, tremblingly.

"Agnes must decide," she said; and though I knew how that would be I was glad of the permission to make my escape, and going up stairs, found her sitting by the drawing-room fire.

She had not expected me up so soon, but there was no need to ask her then, for I knew it long before, that I had found my real valentine.

I got her altogether into my care on the next St. Valentine's Day, and we were then, and are now, as happy as the summer day is long.

My wife signs herself Agnes Bennett: it is legally her name; but when we sit together by our own fireside, her hand in mine, or, better still, she sits upon my knee, I call her by the name by which I knew her first—and loved her—Hermia.

EXTRAORDINARY APPLICATION OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

It has been often asserted that the eyes of dead persons would be found to contain images of objects seen immediately before death, and the correspondent of a London paper at Florence makes known what we believe is the first instance of an official test of the theory. His narrative is as follows:

On the 13th of last April, Luisa Carducci, a woman in a comparatively humble rank of life, but of respectable character, who let lodgings, was found murdered in her house, under the following circumstances: The corpse was discovered lying on the floor, with the throat cut from ear to ear, a pool of blood below her head, but only there—no marks of blood in any other part of the room—and a pocket-handkerchief, the property of some one unknown, close to her person. The trinkets and money which she was supposed to have about her had disappeared, as well as other articles in the house. As no cries had been heard by the neighbors, the conclusion come to by the Florence police was to the effect that the murder had been perpetrated, in all probability, by two assassins, who had obtained admittance into the house when the poor woman was alone, under the pretext of wishing to see and hire her rooms; that one of them had suddenly thrown a pocket-handkerchief over her mouth and brought her to the ground, and that, while thus held fast, and her cries effectually stifled, his accomplice had cut her throat. Such was the conclusion come to by the police, and, in particular, by its chief officer—the Capo Commesso di Publica Vigilanza, Leopoldo Viti—who, among other steps taken by him at the time, applied to the higher administrative and legal authorities on whom he was dependent for permission to have the eyes of the murdered woman photographed—an application which, in the belief that the granting it could lead to no practical result, was refused.

The police were not without suspicion as to one at least of the probable murderers. Their suspicions rested on the person of a certain Benjamino dei Cosimi, a native of Velletri, who, from that town, where he was believed to have taken part in more than one murder, had made his way to Corsica, thence to Leghorn, and from Leghorn to Florence, where he had been observed prowling about at the time of the murder. On the discovery of the murder he had already disappeared. After an interval of nearly two months, on the 2d of June, another lodging-house keeper, Ester Cellai, was found murdered in her house in precisely the same fashion. The body stretched on the floor, the throat cut from ear to ear, the strange pocket-handkerchief lying beside the corpse, every valuable removed—all this done when the poor creature was alone in the dwelling. There was no clew to the assassins beyond the extremely strong presumption that both murders had been committed by the same hands. Again application was made by the head of the police to have the eyes of the victim photographed, and again, for the same reasons as before, the application was refused.

Another interval of somewhat more than two months had elapsed, when, on the 22d of August, a third murder, differing scarcely at all in its circumstances from the two previous ones, was perpetrated on the person of a third lodging-house keeper, Emilia Spagnoli. As in the two previous cases the body was found lying on the floor (on the left side), the throat cut as before; the handkerchief was not wanting; but the woman, who, to judge from her photograph, possessed a strong, wiry frame, had probably irritated her murderer by an unusually vigorous resistance, for she was wounded in many other parts of the body, especially the hands, the wounds being seventeen in all.

Contemporaneously with this third murder, Benjamino dei Cosimi had reappeared in Florence. He was arrested. In his possession were found articles belonging to all three murdered women, and a blood-stained knife, the blood freshly shed. On these presumptions he has been consigned to prison, and there awaits his trial; and as there exists no cause of ill-will between the inhabitants of Florence and those of Velletri, any more than there exists a "Velletri legal protection society" in this city, it is probable that, in the event of his being condemned for all the three crimes, the sentence will not be viewed as any peculiar outrage or insult by his fellow-citizens. But now comes the circumstance by which the history of this man will be distinguished from that of mere ordinary criminals. Viti, the head of the Florence police, again insisted with so much eagerness on having the eye of Emilia Spagnoli, the last of the three victims, photographed, that his request was complied with.

Under the direction of Marabotti, the examining judge, or Giudice d'Istruzione, a series of photographic experiments have been carried on, not for the special purpose of furnishing additional criminal evidence for conviction (as the other evidence, with that view, is believed to be superabundant), but in order to establish a general principle, or law, of universal or very frequent application. I have said that Emilia Spagnoli was found lying on her left side, her large glazed right eye being turned upward. The eye was photographed immediately after her decease. The photograph then taken has been reproduced in a greatly magnified form; so greatly magnified as to allow the lineaments of a human face, two inches in length, to stand out distinctly from the same. When I mention that Alinari, the first photographer of Florence, and indeed possessing a European reputation, was the artist by whom the work was executed, I need say nothing more as a guarantee of the fidelity and care employed on the occasion. From the tracing of the dim and nebulous outline, as actually found on the eye, to the completed outline of the face executed from that tracing by an artist who had never seen Benjamino dei Cosimi, or any portrait of the man, and, again, from that completed outline of the two photographs of himself found in his possession at the time of his arrest—the transition, whether viewed as an artistic study, or as a great question of medical jurisprudence, opens up inquiries of unsurpassed interest and importance. I am not, indeed, prepared to affirm that the first tracing in the series, as shown to me by the courtesy of the Judge of Instruction, Signor Marabotti, at his official chambers, so completely resembles the photograph of the living man that, were I placed in a jury-box, my verdict would be determined by the belief in their identity, but of the following fact there can not be the possibility of doubt. Whatever there is of marked prominent individuality in that first nebulous profile has an exactly corresponding feature in the likeness of the living prisoner. A peculiar dilatation of the nostril, a depression in the centre of the upper lip (Benjamino dei Cosimo has lost his two front teeth), an unusual elongation of the mouth, a square but double chin, a certain massiveness about the region of the cheek-bone, and the outline of a whisker, are common to both. I purposely confine myself, in the present letter, to a simple statement of facts—the circumstances under which these murders were perpetrated, the consequent photographic experiments instituted, and the result obtained, of which I was myself an eye-witness. I am happy to add that Signor Marabotti, with whom, from his official position, the prosecution of these inquiries rests, has evidently brought to his task a spirit worthy, in all respects, of a countryman of Galileo. The photographs, with all the accompanying and illustrative details, have been transmitted not only to the Medical College of Florence, but also to the medical colleges of Naples and Milan; and, by the authority of the Prefect of Florence, Count Cantelli, a series of photographic experiments will be instituted on the eyes of the patients in the hospital immediately after their decease.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

Blunders of the Telegraphers.—Before the telegraph operators became so expert as at present, ludicrous blunders were of frequent occurrence from the necessary ambiguity in transmitting one letter at a time. A manager of a telegraph company gives an instance as of recent occurrence upon the line between Boston and New York. A gentleman sent a dispatch requesting parties in New York to forward sample forks by express. When the message was delivered it read thus: Forward sample for K. S. The parties who received it replied by asking what sample K. S. wanted. Of course the gentleman came to the office and complained that the dispatch had been transmitted incorrectly, and the operator promised to repeat it. Accordingly he telegraphed the New York operator that the dispatch should have read, Forward sample forks. The New York operator, having read it wrong in the first instance, could not decipher it differently now. He replied that he did read it, Sample for K. S., and so delivered it. "But," returned the Boston operator, "I did not say for K. S., but f-o-r-k-s!" "What a stupid that fellow is in Boston!" exclaimed the New York operator. "He says he didn't say for K. S., but for K. S." The Boston operator tried for an hour to make the New York operator read it forks, but not succeeding, he wrote the dispatch upon a slip of paper, and forwarded it by mail; and it remained a standing joke upon the line for many months afterward.

The Natural Philosopher and the Cat.—I once (says a French writer) saw a lecturer upon experimental philosophy place a cat under the glass receiver of an air-pump, for the purpose of demonstrating that life can not be supported without air and respiration. The lecturer had already made several strokes with the piston, in order to exhaust the receiver of its air, when the cat, who began to feel herself very uncomfortable in the rarefied atmosphere, was fortunate enough to discover the source from whence her uneasiness proceeded. She placed her paw upon the hole through which the air escaped, and thus prevented any more from passing out of the receiver. All the exertions of the philosopher were now unavailing; in vain he drew the piston; the cat's paw effectually prevented its operation. Hoping to effect his purpose, he again let air into the receiver, which, so soon as the cat perceived, she withdrew her paw from the aperture; but whenever he attempted to exhaust the receiver she applied her paw as before. The spectators clapped their hands in admiration of the cat's sagacity, and the lecturer was compelled to remove her, and substitute another cat who possessed less penetration for the cruel experiment.

A Resuscitated Criminal.—About forty years ago a country lad was hanged in Scotland for sheep-stealing—a penalty and offense frequently associated at that epoch. After the prescribed time the criminal was cut down and delivered to his friends for interment. They made the usual attempt at reviving him, and in this instance succeeded. The man recovered, retaining no outward marks of what had happened beyond a slight distortion of the neck. It was thought by many that he had no right to be among the living, and that unholy agencies had helped him. He was shunned by his former companions, could obtain no work, and wandered about an alms-beggar. Necessity drove him to the house of a gentleman who, in his official duty, had superintended the execution. He recognized, relieved, and dismissed him, not being disposed to pursue the matter further. But first, as a physical inquiry, asked him to describe his sensations on being turned off. He replied that he felt the jerk, but not so acutely as to produce insensibility, or even confusion. He appeared to have the power of looking above, below, and around. All was of a bright vermilion color. An agreeable sensation then crept through his frame, until he became insensible. "But," he added, "I can find no words to express the agony of gradually returning consciousness!" Necessity, or natural bent, or what modern cant would call "his mission," drove him back to his old trade, which drove him again to the gallows, but this time without the benefit of resuscitation.

Coal First Used as Fuel in England.—The Newcastle coal appears to have come first into notice as fuel in the reign of Henry III., when, on the confirmation by him in 1234 of the royal charter granted by his father to the town of Newcastle, the inhabitants petitioned him for leave to dig coals and stones for their own profit in the district beyond the walls called the Castle Moor. The use of it was then principally confined to the town itself. The London wood and turf were the general fuel, and the city being at that time so completely surrounded by woods and copses, no scarcity of the material was felt. Ere long, however, the fame of the Newcastle coal spread to the metropolis, and we find that in Edward I.'s reign it had become so general among the city trades-people as to excite the indignation of the nobility, who complained that they could not go to London on account of the thickness of the air and the unpleasant perfume of the smoke caused by it. Upon this a royal proclamation was issued, forbidding the use of coal either in the city or the suburbs, on pain of a heavy fine and the forfeiture of the furnaces in which it was used. Even this edict soon proved of no avail, for the scarcity of wood fuel increasing and its price becoming enormous, the tradesmen of London, braving the prohibition, opened the trade with Newcastle. In 1357 the previous leave to dig was increased by a special grant from the crown of the land itself to the townsmen, and in 1379 King Edward III. found it profitable to impose a duty of sixpence a ton upon every ship from Newcastle, laden with the precious fuel.

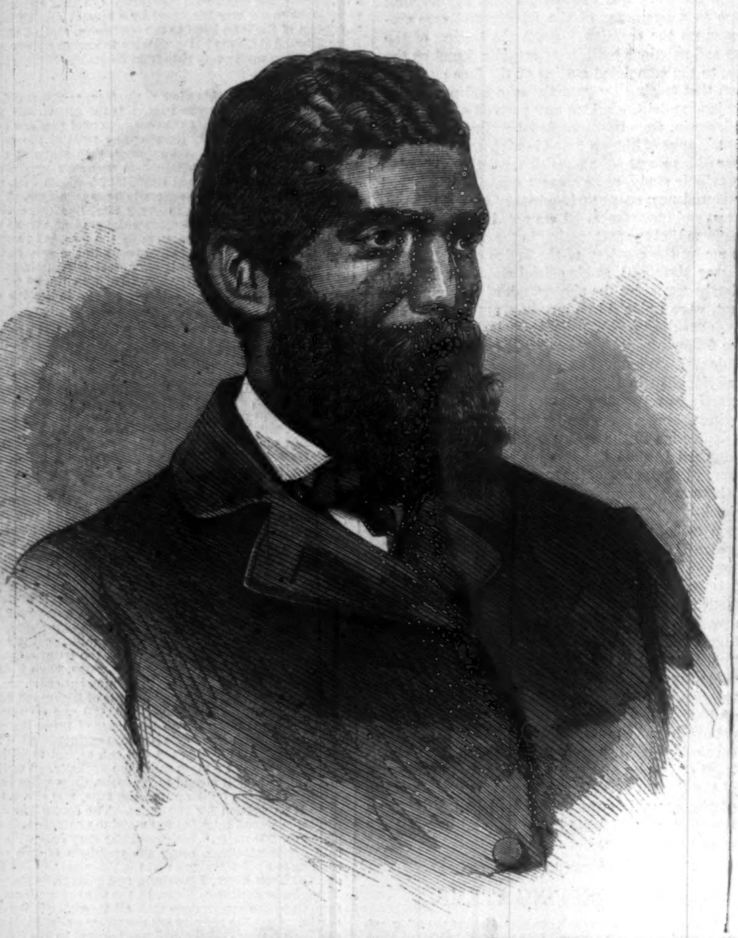
Physiognomy.—A side view of the face, as you stand a little behind the person you look at, is the best view, next to looking in the pupil of the eye, to discover passions by. Talents appear as often in the shape or point of the nose as in any other feature. A long nose, very sharp at the end, marks superiority, whether it turns up or down; *e. g.*, Edmund Burke, Gerard Hamilton, William Pitt, all turn up; the aquilines are generally more sagacious. The sensible or foolish feature in every face, like the active muscle, is very various, sometimes the seat or throne of reason, or memory, or passion, is in the forehead; sometimes in the brow, now more frequently in the eye, again in the nose; the mouth has it often. It is sometimes in the jaw and chin. The large broad Indian chin, as Grattan's and Stewart's, the painter, is always indicative of genius.

Richmond.—The city of Richmond, by the last census, had a population of 38,000 souls, but the great influx of civil and military officers and refugees from other parts of the State has probably raised it to a much higher figure. It is situated at the head of tide-water, at the lower falls of James River, about 150 miles from its mouth. The city occupies a most picturesque situation, being built on Richmond and Shockhoe hills, which are separated by Shockhoe Creek and surrounded by beautiful scenery. It is regularly laid out and well built, the streets, which are lighted with gas, crossing each other at right angles. On Shockhoe Hill are the State Capitol and other public buildings. The Capitol is an imposing edifice, and contains, in its central hall, Houden's celebrated statue of Washington. On the east of the square is the Governor's mansion. Jefferson Davis's residence is a private mansion, which was purchased for him by the Confederate Government. The city has many fine public buildings, six banks, thirteen newspapers, and twenty-three churches. In one of the three Presbyterian churches Jefferson Davis worships. The falls of James River afford immense water-power, and there are very extensive factories, including four cotton and about fifty tobacco factories, flour mills, rolling mills, forges, furnaces, machine shops, etc., the latter of which, and particularly the Tredegar Iron-works, have been of immense service to the rebels in turning out ordnance and material of war. The annual exports of Richmond before the rebellion reached nearly $7,000,000 and its imports $750,000. But since it had the honor of being the rebel capital its foreign commerce has been extinguished. Vessels or gun-boats drawing ten feet can ascend to within a mile of the city, at a place called the Rocketts. Vessels of fifteen feet draught ascend to Warwick, three miles below. A canal has been built around the falls, and above them there is navigation for 200 miles. The James River and Kanawha Canal, intended to extend to Covington, is completed for 200 miles. Richmond has very extensive railroad communications, being the terminus of five roads, running to Fredericksburg and the Potomac, to West Point and the York River, Petersburg and Norfolk, to Danville, Virginia, to Jackson's River, by the Central Railroad, and from these the connections lead all through the Southern States. Opposite the city are the two towns of Spring Hill and Manchester. Richmond was founded in 1742, became the capital of the State of Virginia in 1779, and in June, 1861, it was made the seat of Government of the "Confederate States of America," whose Congress assembled there on July 20. Its history since then is only too familiar to the country. Around the city are various hills, extending a great distance, on the most important of which fortifications were erected in the days of the "On to Richmond" cry.

Fecundity of the Codfish.—The cod is one of the most prolific of fishes, as may be supposed when we call to mind the vast numbers which are caught at the principal fishing stations through a long succession of years, where one man in Newfoundland has caught five hundred and fifty-two in a day, and upward of fifteen thousand in a voyage. Ten thousand codfishes were reckoned a proper yearly capture for a man. The fact is well borne out by an examination of the multitude of grains of spawn which have been counted in the mass of the ovaries. In a fish which weighed twenty-one pounds, the roe weighed eleven pounds, or more than half of the whole bulk; but in another which weighed thirty pounds, the roe only weighed four pounds and a quarter; and yet, in this last instance, the following proportion was fairly calculated: In repeated trials two grains in weight of this roe gave the number of ova four hundred and twenty-three; so that, making a full allowance for the membrane mingled with them, the number of living individuals which might have been produced from this fish in which this roe was of less than usual proportionate weight was little less than seven millions. That very many of these eggs never reach a useful size is highly probable; and yet it is to be remarked that a young cod is more rarely found in the stomach of other fishes than the generality of its fellow natives of the deep.

Court Etiquette.—A very curious regulation of the Chamberlain's office, bearing date 1624, touching the conduct to be observed by cadets who were invited to dine with an Austrian Archduke, runs as follows: "His Imperial and Royal Highness having deigned to invite several officers to dine at his table, and having had frequent opportunities of observing that the greater part of these officers behave with the strictest courtesy and good-breeding toward each other, and generally conduct themselves like true and worthy cavaliers, nevertheless deems it advisable that the less experienced cadets should have their attention directed to the following code of regulations:—1. To present their respects to his Imperial and Royal Highness on their arrival, to come neatly dressed, coat and boots, and not to enter the room in a half-drunken condition. 2. At table they are not to tilt up their chairs, or rock themselves therein, nor stretch their legs at full length. 3. Nor drink after each mouthful, for if they do they will get tipsy too soon; nor empty the goblet to the extent of more than one-half after each dish; and before drinking therefrom, they should wipe the mouth and mustaches in a cleanly manner. 4. Neither are they to thrust their hands into the dishes, nor to throw the bones under the table. 5. Nor to lick their fingers, nor to expectorate in their plates, nor to wipe their noses on the table-cloth. 6. Nor drink so bestially as to fall from their chair, and make themselves incapable of walking straight." We may well wonder what kind of manners prevailed at that period among the lower grades of society, when we find a code like the above considered necessary to regulate the behavior of young officers who must have belonged to the noblest families.

Strada, in one of his Prolusions, gives an account of a chimerical correspondence between two friends by the help of a certain loadstone, which had such virtue in it that, if it touched two several needles, when one of the needles so touched began to move, the other, though at never so great a distance, moved at the same time and in the same manner. He tells us that the two friends, being each of them possessed of one of these needles, made a kind of a dial-plate, inscribing it with the four-and-twenty letters, in the same manner as the hours of the day are marked upon the ordinary dial-plate. They then fixed one of the needles on each of these plates in such a manner that it could move round without impediment, so as to touch any of the four-and-twenty letters. Upon their separating from one another into distant countries they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their closets at a certain hour of the day, and to converse with one another by means of this their invention. Accordingly, when they were some hundred miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his closet at the time appointed and immediately cast his eye upon his dial-plate. If he had a mind to write any thing to his friend he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words which he had occasion for, making a little pause at the end of every word or sentence to avoid confusion. The friend, in the mean while, saw his own sympathetic needle moving of itself to every letter which that of his correspondent pointed at. By this means they talked together across a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an instant over cities or mountains, seas or deserts.



JOHN H. ROCK, COLORED COUNSELOR.—[Photographed by Richards, Philadelphia.]

JOHN H. ROCK, COLORED COUNSELOR.

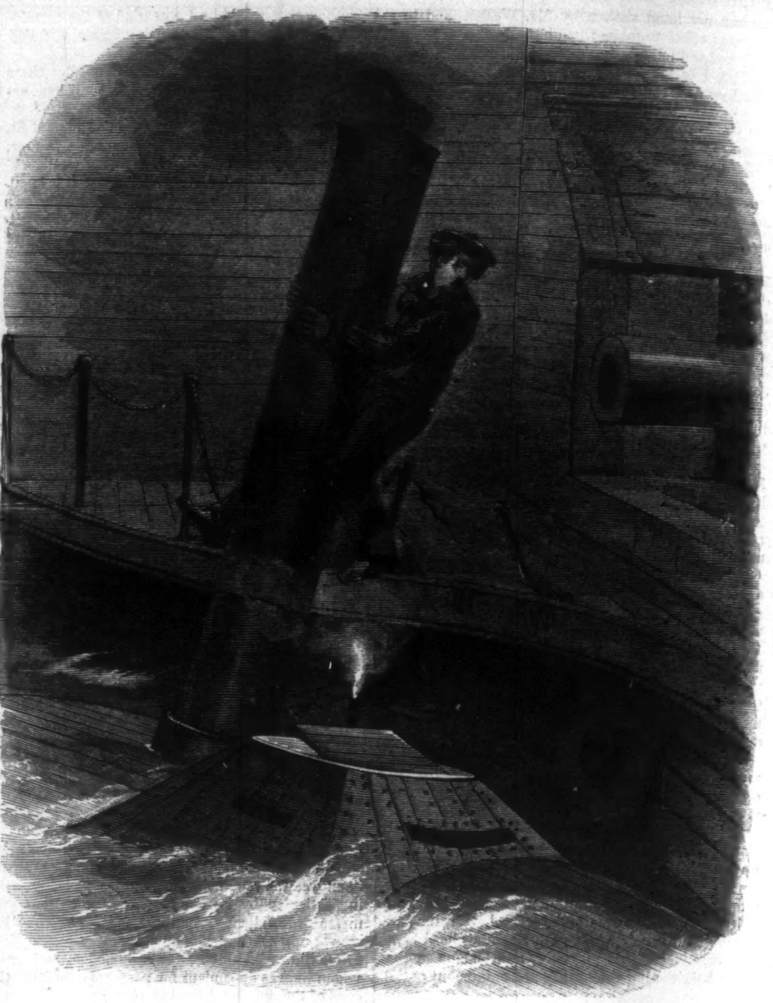
We give on this page a portrait of John H. Rock, the colored lawyer who was on February 2 admitted as a practitioner before the Supreme Court of the United States, on motion of the Honorable Charles Sumner. Mr. Rock is known in Boston as a first-class lawyer. This event, following two days after the passage by Congress of the proposition to amend the Constitution so as to abolish slavery in the United States, will be regarded by the future historian as a remarkable indication of the revolution which is going on in the sentiment of a great people. Mr. Rock has never been a slave. He represents the colored freeman, as Mr. Douglass represents the freedman. This extraordinary reversal of the Dred Scott decision is an act almost sublime. It is related of Æsop, who had been born a slave, that the Athenians erected a statue to his memory, or as Phædrus has it:

Servumque posuere in æterna basi.

The Supreme Court of the United States has taken one of a race crushed down to the earth with its own most solemn sanction, has taken one who merely by the chance of birth was not himself a slave, and has placed him not indeed in marble,

in æterna basi,

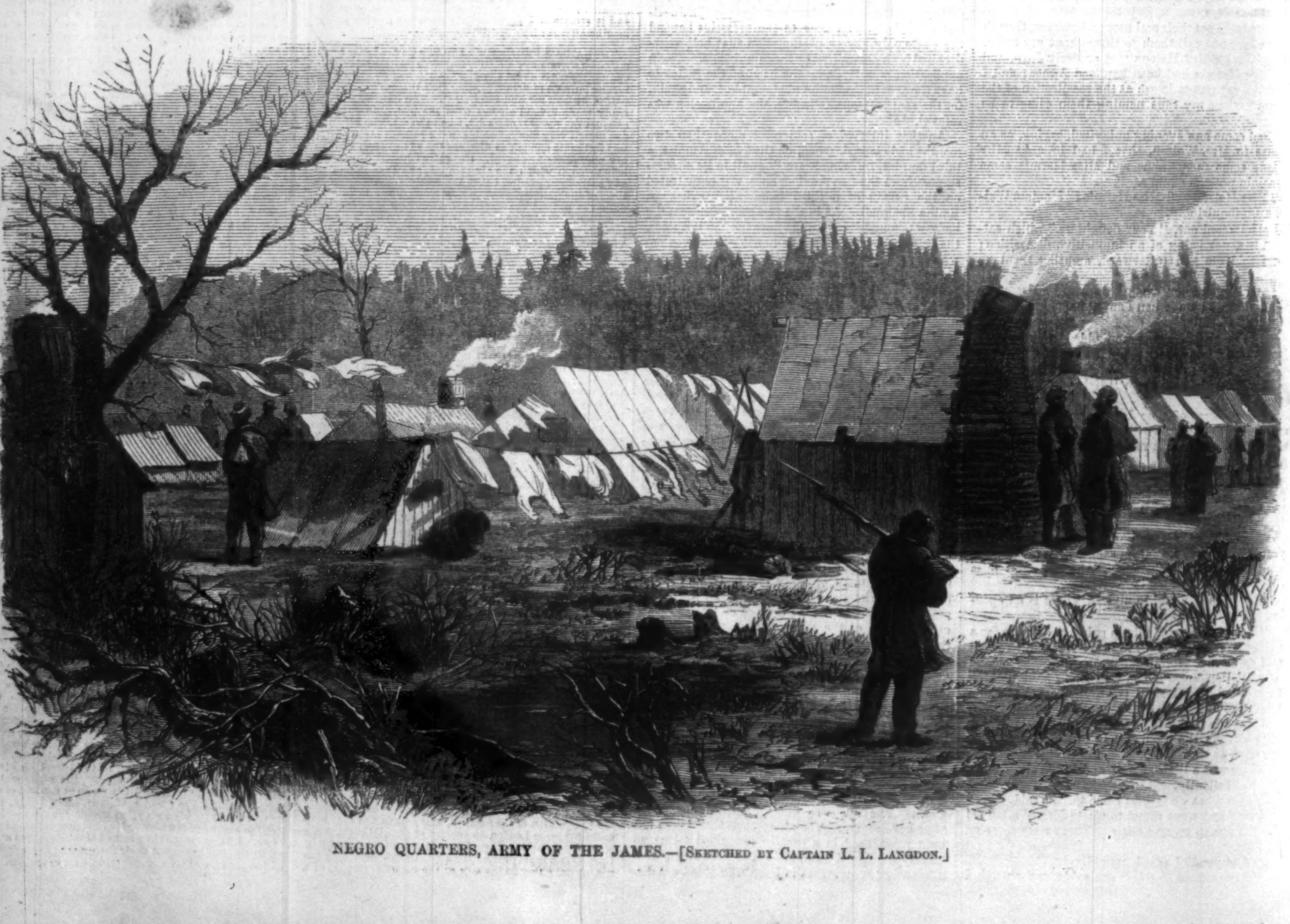
but upon "the enduring pedestal" of an honorable citizenship.



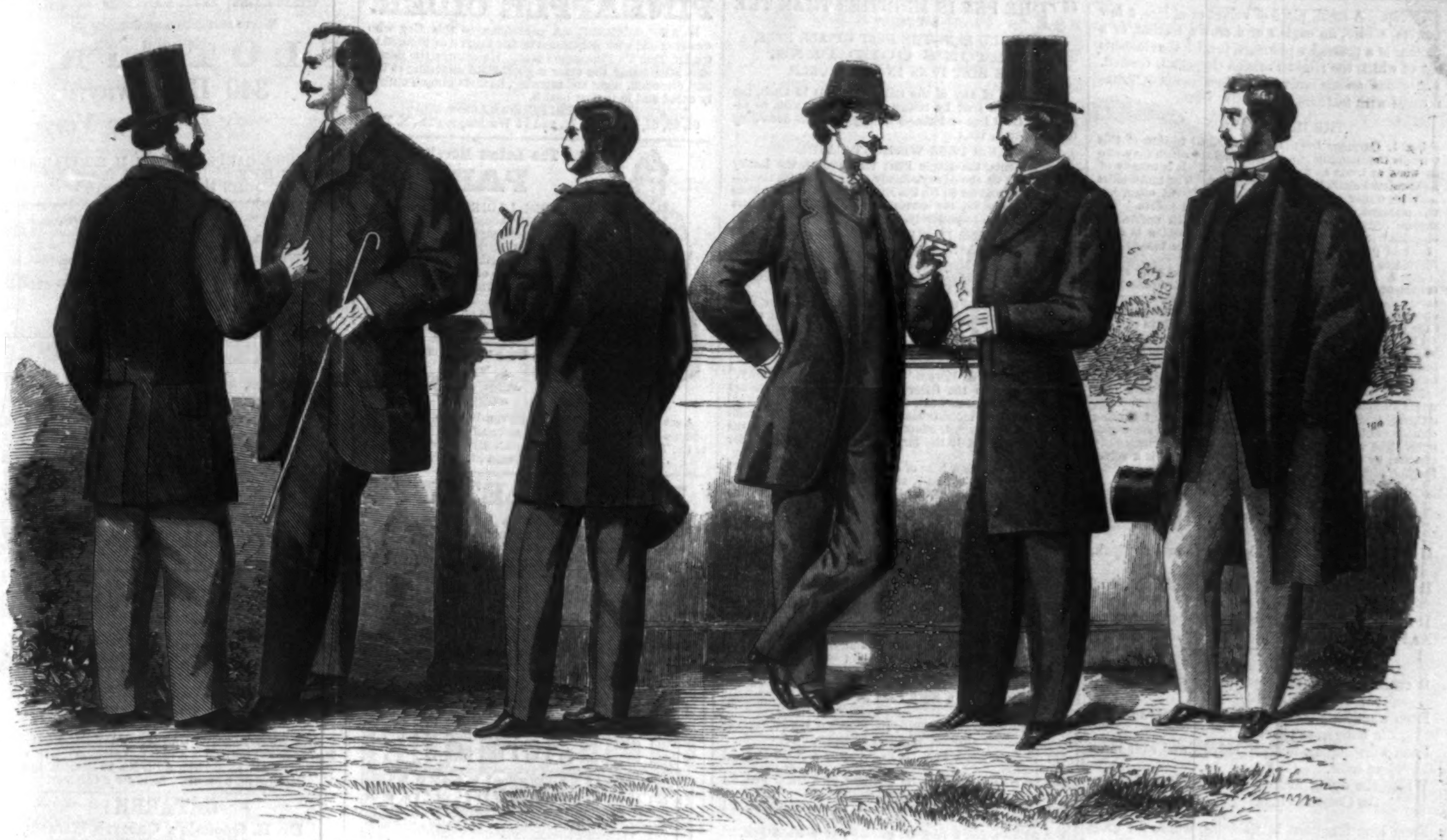
INCIDENT ON BOARD THE "OCTORARA," January 26, 1865.

INCIDENT ON BOARD THE "OCTORARA."

The incident illustrated in the above cut is thus narrated by our correspondent: "On the night of the 26th a torpedo-boat came out from Mobile Bay, and made an unsuccessful attack upon the *Octorara*. At about 2 A.M., though the night was very dark, an object was discovered not many yards astern, and making direct for the vessel. The look-out hailed lustily, 'Boat ahoy!' The response came, 'Ay, ay!' as though from one of our own boats. The officer of the deck immediately sang out to them to 'lie on their oars;' to which they answered, 'Ay, ay!' A moment after they rasped along the vessel's side from aft forward to the guards. The knowledge that it was the torpedo-boat of the rebels now flashed upon all. The intrepidity of the captain of the after-guard is worthy of the highest praise. Though all expected momentarily to be blown up, this man, seeing how readily they could gain an advantage over the enemy by prompt action, grasped her smoke-pipe as it came by the guards of the ship, at the same time crying out lustily for a rope to make the devil fast with. The remaining sailors, acting under different impulses, recoiled to the opposite side of the deck. Several shots were fired at this brave man, and as his exertions were hardly sufficient to retain his hold upon the hot pipe, he preferred to let go rather than be dragged overboard."



NEGRO QUARTERS, ARMY OF THE JAMES.—[Sketched by Captain L. L. Langdon.]


Walking-Coat.
Sack Coat.
Jaquette.
Morning-Coat.
Frock-Coat.
Spring Over Coat.

SPRING AND SUMMER FASHIONS FOR 1865.

FURNISHED BY MESSRS. CARTER, KIRTLAND, & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND JOBBERS OF CLOTHING, NO. 340 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

GENTLEMEN'S SPRING AND SUMMER FASHIONS FOR 1865.

THE above engraving will convey a fair idea of some of the styles which Messrs. CARTER, KIRTLAND & Co. have projected for their spring jobbing business. No better evidence can be afforded of the stability and confidence of the country during a prolonged war than the steady, quiet progress of the various branches of industry and trade. The Clothing Trade has participated to the fullest extent in the general activity.

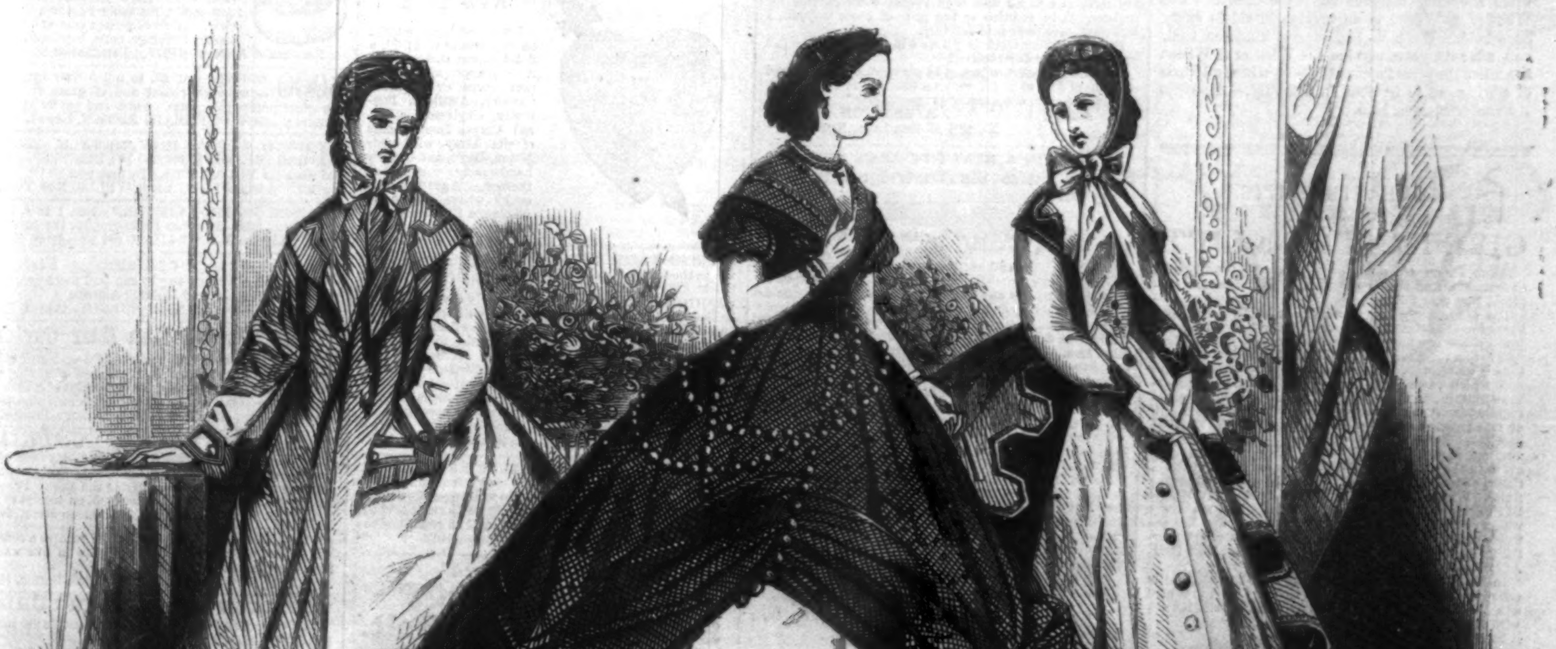
The wholesale clothing business rests upon a permanent and enduring basis. Intelligent capitalists have so developed it that it now occupies the first business-rank, vying in importance with any of the great commercial or industrial interests of the age. But its successful prosecution requires a peculiar combination of talent. Long experience in the trade, thorough knowledge of the wants and tastes of the public, skill in designing the patterns, and rare business talents are indispensably necessary to success; and to these must be added large capital. Messrs. CARTER & KIRTLAND have every department of the business under the strictest supervision, and such confidence and satisfaction is felt in their productions that the most fastidious find them as elegant and serviceable as the best custom-work. A variety of circumstances conspire to vary the fashions of succeeding seasons, but generally every new year marks an improvement. The styles for 1865 which we instance will be found far more acceptable, in simplicity and elegance, to the public than those of previous years. The same improvement may also be seen in the materials made up by responsible houses. So much taste would be uselessly bestowed upon flimsy fabrics. The same judgment which impels the clothiers to design superior patterns suggests the embodiment of them in fine and durable cloths.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

FOR full dress, the 1865 season is characterized by a marked preference, as to color, for black, violet, and black and white robes. The *femmes élégantes* have adopted the black and white with such tenacity that the combination may be expected to take its run through all the capitals that look toward Paris for the indication of its choice. Such toilets, although a little sombre, are refreshing after the extreme richness of color which predominated during the last year, when glaring attraction was often obtained at the sacrifice of good taste.

Passementerie ornaments have resumed their importance for the trimmings of dresses, in the ornamentation of which an excessive luxury is once more displayed. In many instances it is the most costly portion of the toilet.

The present style of bonnets and head-dresses simplifies their description. The fanchon is the taste of the day, and is so small as to appear altogether diminutive in the presence of a lady's ordi-



PARIS FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY, 1865.

nary cap. A small piece of velvet or of lace, a few flowers, a bird, an eagle's or a crow's feather, or a portion of a peacock's plumage, furnish the elements out of which the slight Parisian chapeau is created. For *grand toilette* velvet and lace bonnets, ornamented with feathers, are mostly worn.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Carriage Dress.*—The principal feature of this toilet is the houppelande, or long pelisse, which may also be worn at home as a robe de chambre. It is usually of light-colored cloth, lined with wadding. The under-skirt may be either of the same or of a different color, but the material employed should be moire or taffeta. The narrow collar, or pelerine, is trimmed with worsted or chenille fringe. The fanchon of our Illustration is composed of gray velvet, with a narrow white blonde and black lace trimming.

Fig. 2. *Dress for a Soirée.*—Robe of pearl-gray satin, ornamented round the skirt with two bands of passementerie; the upper jupe is of black tulle spotted, to appearance, by black jet beads placed upon the satin skirt. The tulle jupe is drawn up on one side by a long chain of large jet beads disposed in the manner shown in our engraving. The berthe is in black and white lace and blonde. The head-dress is the coiffure grecque, with a series of amber beads placed at regular distances in the netting.

Fig. 3. *Walking Dress.*—This dress is in dark blue moire antique, and is fastened in front with large buttons, either gilt, silvered, or in mother-of-pearl: the trimming consists of black dentated velvet edged with a narrow guipure. The velvet ornamentation may be advantageously replaced by satin, if preferred. The chapeau is a velvet fanchon ornamented with a bird and a rose.

THE WIND THROUGH THE KEYHOLE.

Hark! to the low wind sighing, so sad, so bleak, so cold.
It comes like the voice of a wailing ghost, full of misery untold.
It tells of endless sorrow, of fire and parting wreck,
And of the bare rope pressing round a choking creature's neck.

It comes from storm-swept raging seas, and from the wild morass;
From wandering round the ruined towers in many a dangerous pass;
From whistling against prison-bars, and over miles of snow,
Where the dying mother and her child crouch to the Cossack's blow.

From long forgotten battle-fields, where the grass grows coarse and rank;
From the yeasty breakers frothing against the shoal's sunk bank;
From forests madly tossing before the shattering storm;
From moors where, on the gibbet, the body hangs still warm.

Come, children, then together, and pray for drowning men,
For suffering creatures, floating faint on wreck far from our ken.
Pray for all human sorrow, for all who are suffering now,
By sword or storm, by sea or land, in this our world below.

Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines Woman's Greatest Boon.—We would advise a man to forego a thresher, and thresh wheat with a flail, rather than to see the wife wear her health, vigor, and life away in the everlasting stitch, stitch, stitch, when a sewing machine can be obtained. The Wheeler & Wilson is an invaluable aid in every household. We have had several kinds on trial, and, after six years' service, the Wheeler & Wilson has taken the precedence as the best, where all kinds of sewing are to be done in a family.—*American Agriculturist, Jan.*, 1865.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GIVE NATURE a LIFT.

People expect too much of Nature. They trifle with their health and their constitutions, and then are surprised that they fall sick.

The pressure of constant mental or bodily labor upon the animal powers is tremendous. Very few systems and constitutions can bear up against this pressure unassisted. Add to this the unhealthy influences which lurk unseen in the air we breathe, the water we drink, the artificial heat with which we endeavor to chase away the cold and marrow-searching moisture of winter, and it would seem to require almost superhuman vigor to keep in perfect health at this rigorous season without reinforcing the physical energies. But how reinforce them? Certainly not with adulterated stimulants. There is no poison in the outer air or in the atmosphere of furnace-heated rooms, or workshops, or factories, so pernicious as those deadly-burning fluids. Why use them, when HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, a vegetable tonic without alloy, are every where obtainable? Nothing has ever been offered to the feeble and debilitated so harmless in its nature, so powerful in its invigorating effects, as this celebrated STOMACHIC AND ALTERATIVE.

In the army and the navy, in new settlements, and in crowded cities, by old and young, rich and poor, it is used as a PROTECTIVE AND RESTORATIVE MEDICINE, with the most gratifying results.

Sold throughout the Union.

New York office—59 CEDAR STREET.

FOR SOLDIERS.

Army Badges, Army Rings, Watches, Gold Pens and Cases, Jewelry, &c. Send for Agent's Circular.

R. KEITH & CO., 15 John Street, New York.

EMPLOYMENT

At your own homes. Thousands can realize $100 weekly. No utensils required except those found in every household; profits 100 per cent; demand staple as flour. It is the greatest discovery of the age. Full particulars sent on receipt of two stamps for return postage. Address

C. MUNRO BROWN, No. 74 Bleecker St., N. Y.

Old Eyes Made New.

A pamphlet directing how to speedily restore sight and give up spectacles, without aid of doctor or medicine.

Sent by mail, free, on receipt of 10 cents. Address

E. B. FOOTE, M.D.
1130 Broadway, New York.

"THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD."

THE GOLD PEN—THE BEST OF ALL PENS,
MORTON'S GOLD PENS,
THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

On receipt of any of the following sums in Cash, the Subscriber will send by return mail, or otherwise, as directed, a Gold Pen or Pens—*selecting the same according to description*, viz.:

GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES.

For 50 cents, the Magic Pen; for 75 cents, the Lucky Pen; for $1 00, the Always-Ready Pen; for $1 25, the Elegant Pen; and for $1 50, the Excelsior Pen.—These Pens are not numbered, but correspond in sizes to Numbers 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 respectively.

THE SAME PENS IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION CASES WITH PENCILS.

For $1 00, the Magic Pen; for $1 25, the Lucky Pen; for $1 50, the Always-Ready Pen; for $2 00, the Elegant Pen; and for $2 25, the Excelsior Pen.

These are Well-Finished, Good-Writing Gold Pens, with Iridosmin Points, the average wear of every one of which will far outlast a gross of the best Steel Pens; *although they are unwarranted, and, therefore, not exchangeable.*

MORTON'S WARRANTED PENS.

The name, "A. Morton," "Number," and "Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accident.

The Numbers indicate size *only;* No. 1 being the smallest, No. 6 the largest, adapted for the pocket; No. 4 the smallest, and No. 10 the largest Mammoth Gold Pen, for the desk.

Long and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Nos. 4, 5, 6, and 7, and made only of first quality.

The Long and Short Nibs are fine pointed; the Medium Nibs are Broad, Coarse Business Points. The engravings are fac-similes of the sizes and styles.

GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES.

For $1 25 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 50 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.

For $2 00 a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.

For $2 25 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.

For $2 75 a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.

For $3 50 a No. 6 Pen; $4 50 a No. 7 Pen; $5 75 a No. 8 Pen; $6 50 a No. 9 Pen; $7 50 a No. 10 Pen—all 1st quality.

THE SAME GOLD PENS, IN SILVER EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For $2 00 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality.

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For $3 00 a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.

For $3 75 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.

For $4 50 a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.

For $5 75 a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality.

GOLD PENS, ALL FIRST QUALITY, IN SILVER-MOUNTED DESK-HOLDERS.

For $2 75 a No. 4 Pen; for $3 25 a No. 5 Pen; for $4 00 a No. 6 Pen; for $5 75 a No. 7 Pen.

For $7 a No. 8 Pen; for $8 a No. 9 Pen; and for $9 a No. 10 Pen.

The "1st Quality" are pointed with the very best Iridosmin Points, carefully selected, and none of this quality are sold with the slightest imperfection which skill and the closest scrutiny can detect.

The "2d Quality" are superior to any Pens made by him previous to the year 1860.

The "3d Quality" he intends shall equal in respect to Durability, Elasticity, and Good Writing Qualities (the only true considerations) any Gold Pens made elsewhere.

In regard to the Cheap Gold Pens, he begs leave to say that previous to operating his New and Patented Machines, he could not have made as Good Writing and Durable Pens, for the Price, had the Gold been furnished gratuitously.

Parties ordering must in all instances specify the "Name" or the "Number" and "Quality" of the Pens wanted, and be particular to describe the kind they prefer—whether stiff or limber, coarse or fine.

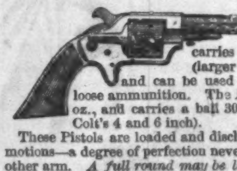
All remittances sent by mail in registered letters are at my risk, and to all who send twenty cents (charge for registering), in addition to the price of goods ordered, I will guarantee their safe delivery.

Parties sending Gold or Silver will be allowed the full premium on the day received.

TO CLUBS.—A discount of 10 per cent. will be allowed on sums of $12, of 15 per cent. on $24, and of 20 per cent. on $40, if sent to one address at one time.

Address A. MORTON,
No. 25 Maiden Lane, New York.

MERWIN & BRAY FIRE-ARMS CO.'S
Belt and Pocket Size Cartridge Revolvers.



The *Belt* size weighs 22 oz., and carries a ball 42-100 calibre (larger than Colt's Navy), and can be used with either fixed or loose ammunition. The *Pocket* size weighs 11 oz., and carries a ball 30-100 calibre (same as Colt's 4 and 6 inch).

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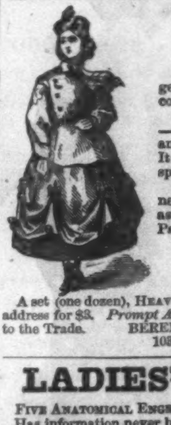

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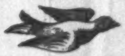
As simple as an ordinary pin, it needs only to be seen to become as popular in America as it is in Paris, the Metropolis of Modes.



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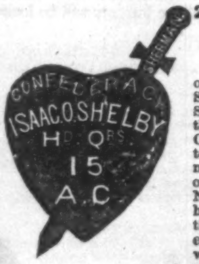

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ONE DIME
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SCRATCH! SCRATCH! SCRATCH!
WHEATON'S OINTMENT
WILL CURE THE ITCH IN 48 HOURS.

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ORGANIZED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1865.

Capital Stock - - $1,000,000.
In 200,000 Shares of $5 Each.

A Limited Amount of Stock Reserved at $3 a Share.

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Dividend Paying from the Start.

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ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

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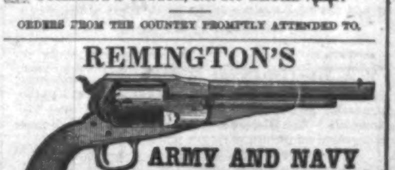

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These Notes are issued under date of August 15th, 1864, and are payable three years from that time in currency, or are convertible at the option of the holder into

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These bonds are now worth a premium of nine per cent., including gold interest from November, which makes the actual profit on the 7-30 loan, at current rates, including interest, about ten per cent. per annum, besides its *exemption from State and municipal taxation, which adds from one to three per cent. more*, according to the rate levied on other property. The interest is payable semi-annually by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

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Two cents " " " $100 "
Ten " " " " $500 "
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Notes of all the denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions. This is

THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET

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3,000	Gold Oval Band Bracelets	4	"	8
5,000	Jet and Gold Bracelets	6	"	10
2,000	Chatelaine Chains and Guard Chains	5	"	20
7,000	Solitaire and Gold Brooches	4	"	10
5,000	Coral, Opal, and Emerald Brooches...	4	"	8
5,000	Gold, Cameo, and Pearl Ear Drops...	4	"	6
5,000	Mosaic, Jet, Lava, and Florentine Ear Drops	4	"	8
7,500	Coral, Opal, and Emerald Ear Drops.	4	"	6
4,000	California Diamond Breast-Pins	2 50	"	10
3,000	Gold Fob and Vest Watch Keys	2 50	"	8
4,000	Fob and Vest Ribbon Slides	3	"	10
5,000	Sets of Solitaire Sleeve Buttons, Studs, etc.	3	"	8
3,000	Gold Thimbles, Pencils, etc.	4	"	7
10,000	Miniature Lockets	2 50	"	10
4,000	" " Magic Spring	10	"	20
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5,000	Plain Gold Rings	4	"	10
5,000	Chased Gold Rings	4	"	11
10,000	Stone Set and Signet Rings	2 50	"	10
10,000	California Diamond Rings	2	"	10
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